THE BYSTANDER
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DECEMBER 28, 1932

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# The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, December 28, 1932

No. 1515. Vol. CXVI.

# The BYSTANDER

Peter North

## The FACE and the FLOWER

### *No. 3.—Mrs. Philip Kindersley*

*Golden chrysanthemums are the flowers for the youngest of the three Guinness sisters, to match the gold of her hair. Miss Oonagh Guinness, as she was, and Sir Robert Kindersley's son were married in 1929 ; they have a son and daughter, Gay and Tessa, who are as attractive, if not as fair, as their mother*

# The Mystery Ball

*Above: The Hon. James Carnegie, Miss Vida Cuthbert, Lord Scone, Lady Mary Carnegie, and Mr. Tatham sat at one side of a table at the Café de Paris, where the ball was held*

*Right: Mr. John Findlay and Mrs. du Pont evidently had a good joke of their own, mysteries or no mysteries*

*Above: At the other side of the same long supper-table were Captain Battye, the Hon. Gladys Jessel, Miss Sally Lindley, Lord Carnegie, and Lady Maud Carnegie*

*Below are Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught at supper, and with them are Mr. Dennis Forster and Mme. Vlaek*

*And below again are Lady Plunkett and Mr. Roland Hoare having a look round from the balcony*

*Lord and Lady Elibank were at the Café de Paris together; they were having a busy evening, as they went to the Victoria League Ball as well, which was held on the same night*

*Above: Lord Lyell had a temporary job in a funny-hat shop, and was photographed serving two of his customers, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Weir and Mr. C. G. Maude*

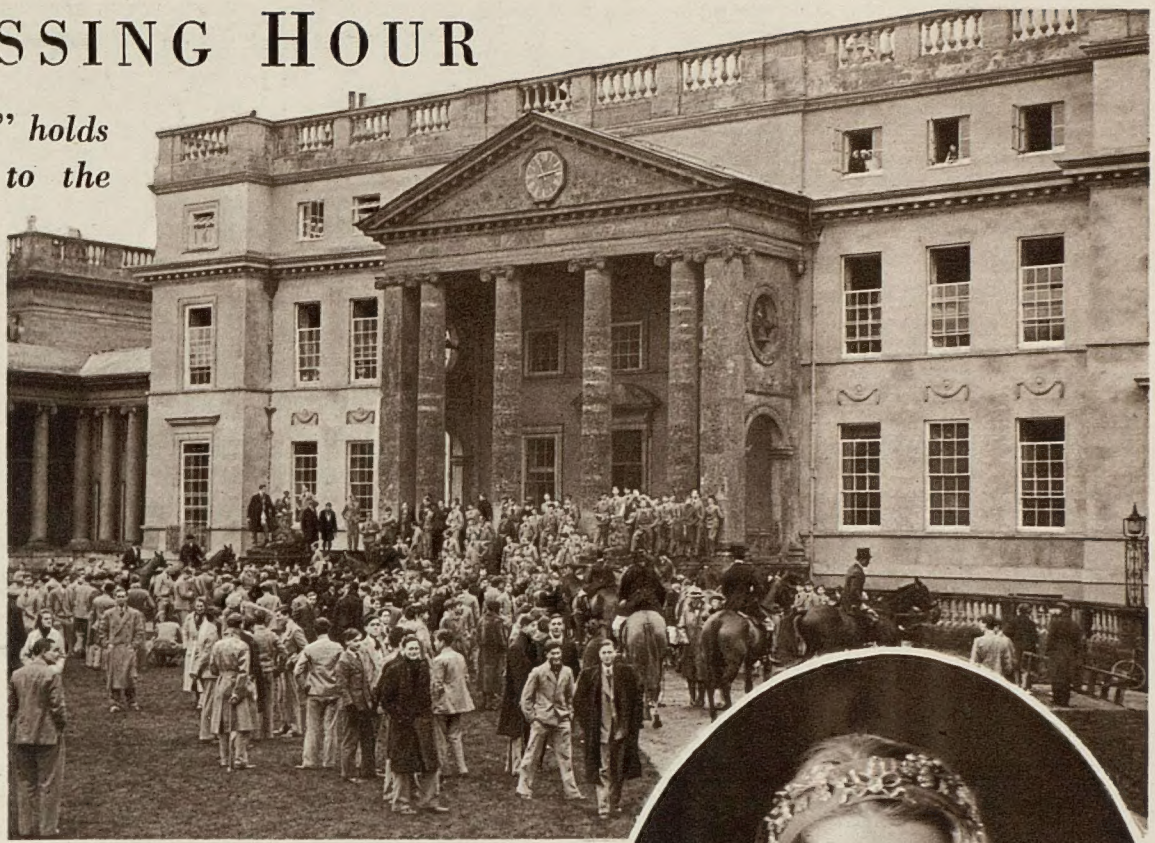
*Right: Lady Ravensdale and Mr. J. Drummond were two more of the supporters of the Mystery Ball, which was arranged in aid of the Women's Holiday Fund*

*Photographs by Swaebe*

# The PASSING HOUR

## *"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World*

CHRISTMAS is over, and seldom has Mayfair been emptier. The fine weather at the beginning of last week drove everyone who did not have to attend family Christmas trees off to the country for a golfing week-end. They were turning them away in hundreds from places as far apart as Sandwich and Turnberry. The Embassy does not reopen until to-day (Wednesday), after having been closed since luncheon time on Friday, and there was little reason for remaining in London.



*The recent meet of the Grafton at Stowe School was a most popular end-of-term event, and both the "cavalry" and "infantry" were swelled in numbers by the enthusiastic young "Stoics" who followed*

AMONG the larger family parties were those of the Devonshires and the Jerseys. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire collected a large number of relatives at Chatsworth, among them Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish. From the latter, the Duchess has acquired in the past few weeks any number of piquant Transatlanticisms. And it would not surprise me to see her break a life-long rule and go to a night-club one of these evenings.

AT Osterley, the home of the Jerseys, there was a big dinner-party on Sunday, as well as a week-end party. Engagements are occurring thick and fast in this clan, what with Lady Joan Villiers and Mr. David Rhys, so there is a lot to celebrate as well as Christmas. I hear that Lord Jersey is going to act as his sister's best man at the wedding next month.

ANY number of cocktail parties were given last week. On Wednesday night I was invited to at least half a dozen—one at Claridge's, one in Berkeley Square, and one given by the Jack Ryders being among them; while on Tuesday there was the dance organised by Miss Katherine Horlick at Casanova.

*Kay Vaughan*

### *The Countess of Cromer*

*In the white satin dress, green boa and diamond tiara which she wore at the Radiant Ball, of which she was Chairman. Lady Cromer is the Earl of Minto's sister; she and Lord Cromer have two daughters and a son, Lord Errington, who is a Page of Honour to the King*

*Swaebe*

### *A Young Committee of "Owls"*

*The Young Committee of The Owl Ball held last week, included Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore (centre), the Chairman; Misses Jean Elkington, Irene Adams, Margaret Edgar, Sheila Mayou, Gillian Shephard, Betty Samuel, Dorothy Robertson, Ceceile Rankin, Ruth Gordon-Potts, Barbara Buckmill, Maud Appleyard, Betty Lampson, Melvyn Hughes, Gwendolen Wilkinson, Nancy Blake, Pamela Wodehouse, Isobel Maclean, Lucy Cohen, and Mrs. Renée Barry*

Gali Gali and Miss Maddux, the American singer, had both been promised as cabaret attractions.

I HEAR, by the way, that Marion Harris has not been a success in Paris. The critics have been unkind, and the audiences have thought that she might be a little more obliging in the number of songs she sings at Victor Perosino's new place, next door to Berry's, in the Champs Elysées. It appears that Victor is likely to be head man at Berry's itself in the near future. That would be a marvellous slice of luck for him, if it eventuates.

MY mantelpiece is dotted with Christmas cards, among them being one from the Couple Who Eloped. It contains a photograph of the two of them, together with their street address in Paris. On the whole, the Christmas cards this year have been quieter and less amusing than last Christmas and the Christmas before. People have been economising rather in this direction.

As for Christmas presents—those Embassy gala nights on Saturday have proved a boon and a blessing to many people who have friends in the country. The souvenirs are all so solid and attractive that they make admirable gifts—the cigarette boxes, in particular. They form a real inducement to visit Bond Street at the week-end.

THE other night the most cheerful guest was, undoubtedly, Captain Cecil Brownhill, the Old Carthusian amateur jockey, who scored two such brilliant wins at the Sandown Meeting. He steered his partner with equal skill round the floor when the orchestra played one of its more light-hearted waltzes. Other guests that night were the Scarsdales and the Prince de Ligne, who is one of the best dancers in London, and Colonel Ropner and his wife.

IT seems quite the fashion to spend at least part of your honeymoon in London. Mr. John Bailey and the former Miss Diana Churchill stayed a week at the Ritz before they were flushed, and went off to Madeira. The Duke of Leinster and his new Duchess have also been in London, rather to my surprise, since their "secret" wedding. I think Lady Veronica Hornby, whose child was christened the other day, started the fashion

*The Silver Ros*

*Miss d'Arcy and Lady Illingworth at the Carlton, where the Silver Rose Ball was held, in aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries*

*Mrs. Fielden and Mrs. Douglas Hall were guests at Mr. R. Jayne and Miss Marian Sale's wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*

To revert to Sandown, the stewards must have been glad to see the bumper attendance. Lord Stalbridge was there in the hopes of Jimmy James winning. Sir Alfred McAlpine had equal hopes of two of his stable. Mr. John Circuitt was there on both days. Tom Webster was taking a holiday from football matches, and Mrs. Vernet had exchanged her red-and-green hats for one of yellow and brown. Another of the regulars was Mr. Rowland Leigh, in his suit of hand-woven black sheep wool.

FILM-GOING grows more fashionable every night. At *Trouble in Paradise*, Sir Philip Sassoon was present with a large party the other evening. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish went to see *Speak Easily*, and if you stand at the entrance to the Empire just after the last performance you are bound to see at least twenty or thirty well-knowns emerging.

MAYFAIR is seething with rumours of impending divorces, separations that are being made, separations that are being made up, well-

*Right: Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones looks amused at the Gay Party at the Café de Paris*

*Swaebe*

*Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, Earl Spencer's youngest daughter, and the Hon. Phyllis Astor, who were photographed on their way in to supper, also look as if they thought the Gay Party a really amusing one*

*Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston, Mr. Stanley Holmes, and Lady Cecil Douglas were together at the Gay Party, which was arranged in aid of the Enham and Papworth Village Settlements*

Swaebe

Ethel Eadon

*Shooting at Wortley Hall*

*The Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe's party at their place near Sheffield: back row, Colonel Diggle, Mr. Tom Purdey, Sir Paul Latham, Miss Chapman, Lord Wharncliffe; middle row, Mr. Nigel Seely, Mrs. Rimington-Wilson, Mr. Howard Langton, Captain Wentworth, Captain Rimington-Wilson; and in front, Mrs. Howard Langton, Lady Wharncliffe*

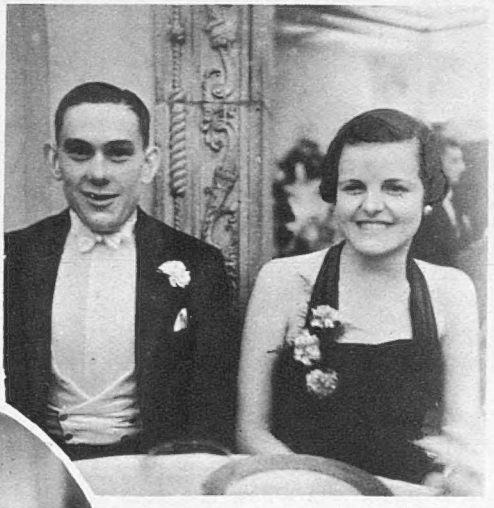
known young men being cited as co-respondents, and so on. Perhaps the general atmosphere of Christmas will have caused a few angry husbands and wives to relent. If not, Lord Merrivale is going to have a busier time than ever this coming spring and-summer. It is lucky that advancing years only seem to increase his speed.

IN a few days' time the Hunt Balls will be upon us. The Old Berkeley has chosen January 4th. The Craven does its stuff two days later. Then, between January 9th and 19th, we have the Eridge, the Bramham Moor, the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), the Portman, the York and Ainsty, and the Old Berkshire. But the bigger hunts, like the Pytchley, are reserving their energies until February.

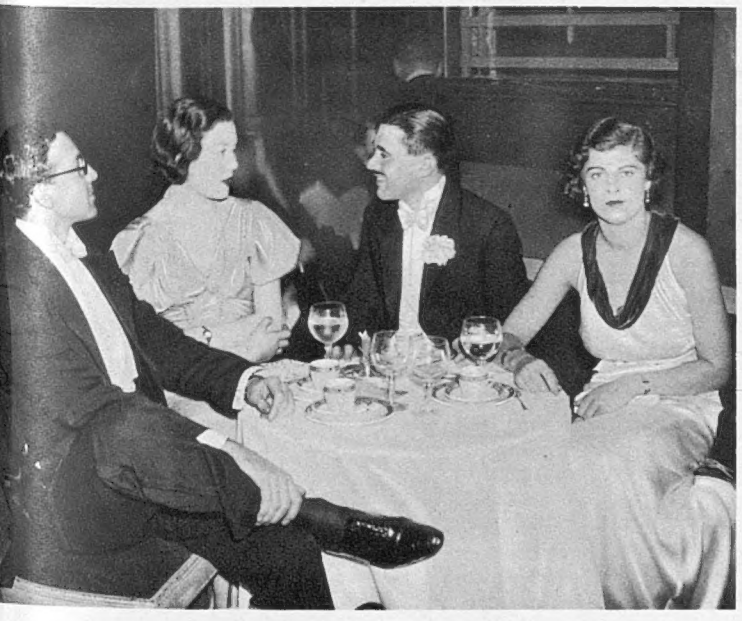
OTHER people's Christmases, meantime, include Mr. Andrew Mellon's, at Pittsburg; Miss Jeanne Stourton's, at Sledmere; Mr. Peter Arno's, back in New York; Lady Oxford and Asquith's, at The Wharf; the Headmaster at Eton's, at sea; Lord Inchcape's, in Cairo; Lord and Lady Headfort's, at Headfort; Lord D'Abernon's, at Rome; Lord and Lady Dunsany's, at Dunsany; Lady Wimborne's, at Ashby St. Legers.

LORD WESTMORLAND has returned from Canada full of good stories. He discovered on the night of his arrival that he was one of the thousand guests at a dinner headed by the Prime Minister and the Minister for Agriculture. Finding that he was on the programme to speak, he offered his host a hundred pounds for his favourite charity if he was let off. His host refused, and a moment later the Master of Ceremonies said that in eighty-five seconds his speech would be broadcast all over Canada. "I felt like a shot rabbit," Lord Westmorland went on. However, he struggled through his speech manfully. "I have not the slightest idea what I said, but, anyway, they have asked me back next year." It is a good thing for England to have in Lord Westmorland a kind of junior Lord Lonsdale, whose popularity and sportsmanship means so much on occasions like this.

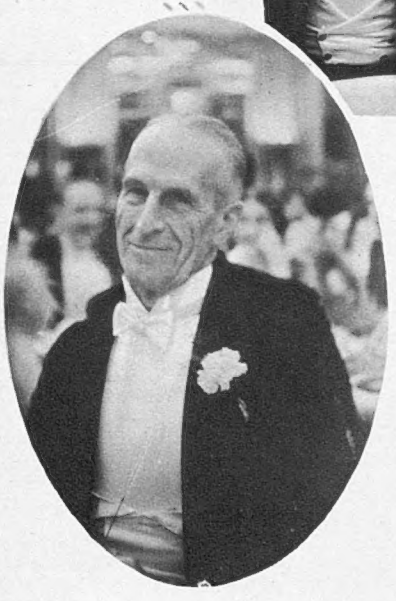
*Below: Mr. Gerald Ellison, the Oxford rowing Blue, and Miss Katherine Mathew, who is reading for the Bar, at the Westminster Ball; Mr. Ellison was one of the stewards*



*Two more at the Westminster Ball were Mr. W. H. Webster and Miss Anne Lane, who was wearing a spray of Westminster pink carnations*



*Four more at the Café de Paris to see the "Loveliest Women" parade, which was part of the entertainment, were Mr. Kari Davies, Miss Rosemary Villiers, Mr. Dudley Forwood and Miss Vera Selby*



*Lord Ritchie of Dundee received the guests, with Lady Ritchie, at the Westminster Ball at the Dorchester*

# A Racing Reverie

## New Year Resolutions—and then Some

*By "Regular"*

*The Windsor Meeting*

*Lord Penrhyn, who is on the left, and Mr. and Mrs. "Bobbie" Gore consulting their race cards*

THIS is the week when old and young, one and all, embark on a series of new resolutions. The more cynical of us refuse to take them too seriously, realising that they are bred by over-eating out of mixing champagne with port. Realising that with the recovery of our overtaxed livers they will fade into oblivion, we give them ten days to die a natural death, and this is usually a very liberal estimate.

FOR the benefit of my fellow regulars this week, I am going to take the liberty of suggesting to you a few New Year Resolutions, which I consider may make the world a happier place to live in for all of us.

*Another photograph from Windsor: Mrs. Kenyon Goode and Sir Hugh Nugent look for winners together in the paddock*

To Michael Beary and your fellow-jockeys: I suggest that we should have fewer objections. Those terrible moments of suspense before the Stewards grant the decree absolute are more than our nerves can stand.

To all French jockeys, and a few British ones: I suggest that you should forget the axiom: "Spare the whip and spoil the horse."

NEWMARKET trainers: To remember that many a race is left on the Limekilns. Foxes like being hunted, and horses like being galloped—but not every day.

NEWMARKET ladies: To love one another; remember ONE kindly word is worth *two* bites in the back.

ALL jockeys and trainers: Not to think too unkindly of the owner who, after a long run of ill-success, makes a change. Woodfull had to change his bowling when England made 500.

GENTLEMEN trainers: To remember your place is with your horses. It is difficult to train winners from the Embassy and the Café de Paris.

AMATEUR riders: To remember that Christmas comes but once a year, and you mustn't expect presents at other times. If you do, the Stewards may take your "Mr." away. Only professionals are allowed presents at other times than Christmas.

EPSOM trainers: To remember that Selling Races were instituted in order to dispose of bad horses. If the Guv'nor wants him back, the Guv'nor must be prepared to pay for him.

LOCAL Stewards: To remember that there are three kinds of glasses: those you wear on the end of your nose; those you carry slung over your shoulder; and those which hold the port. An intelligent combination of the three makes an ideal official. Too much attention to the last mentioned is conducive to crooked running.

THE Jockey Club (this suggestion is made with all humility and due reverence): To remember that all men are equal on the Turf, and under it, and there can be no difference in your dealing with the rich and the poor.

ALL owners of big stables: To be sure they haven't a beam in their own eye when they talk with horror of the mote which is in their neighbour's.

BOOKMAKERS: To improve your manners. If Mrs. Vernet, Jim Santry, Harry Slowburn and Dick Scott Fry can be charming, why can't you all?

CLERKS of racecourses: To remember that the public are doing you a favour by coming to your courses, not you doing them one in allowing them to enter.

THE executives of Sandown and Kempton: Not to forget to give all owners with a horse entered a pass to the Members' Enclosure, and Sandown to scrap your present system of parking cars. We like to get home the same evening.

THE Bibury Club: To continue to hand out that hospitality for which you are world-famous.

ALL those of us who have been refused a voucher for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot: To tell the world. Why pretend you forgot to apply?

EVERY one of us, and, in particular, the younger brother of an Earl, a lady with a foreign accent, and a well-known trainer's wife: To remember that if we ask no questions we get told no lies, and to regard our betting in the same light as we do Mr. Baldwin—as a luxury.

I THINK the above are enough to go on with for a bit; in fact, already I seem to hear one or two people declaring it is an infernal piece of impertinence that I should take it upon myself to criticise their actions.

I DEFEND myself by saying that it is done in the most friendly spirit, and with no motive save that of an earnest endeavour to make the Turf a happier place on which to lose money.

THERE have been occasions during the past year when my somewhat outspoken remarks have given offence. For this I am heartily sorry. I take comfort, though, in the belief that the hurt is not very deep, as I have reason to know that the offended ones continue to read me, which they most certainly would not do if I went about patting everyone on the back.

MAY 1933 be a great year for us all. May we back winner after winner, so that our friends the bookmakers may make no bad debts. Forgiveness and forgetfulness are the two most essential qualities in the make-up of a racing regular. Let us, therefore, forgive and forget everyone, from Orwell, who cost us such a packet at Epsom and Doncaster, and the bookmaker who laid us even money about a two-to-one chance, down to the racing journalist who wrote catty things about us, and wish one another a Happy New Year.

# White and Silver

## Some December Weddings

*Major Sir Geoffrey Palmer and Miss Cicely Radmall, daughter of the late Mr. A. C. Radmall, and a niece of Lady Houston, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Sir Geoffrey Palmer, who used to be in the Coldstream, lives at East Carlton Park, near Northampton*

*Above : Mr. Martin Lindsay, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Lindsay, and Miss Joyce Lindsay, daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding*

*Left : One of the biggest pre-Christmas weddings was that of Mr. Iain Murray, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray's son, and Miss Angela Du Boulay, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Du Boulay*

*St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was chosen by Mr. Ronald Francis Jayne, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, and Miss Marion Sale, for their wedding. Miss Sale is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sale, and the bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Jayne, of Lisbon*

*Below : A group outside St. James's, Sussex Gardens, where the marriage of Mr. Ian Henderson and Miss Monica Verner, Sir Edward and Lady Verner's daughter, took place. Miss Verner's four bridesmaids were Miss Peggy Whitfield-Hayes, Miss Phyllis Fagan, Miss Joy Whish, and Miss Sarah Johnston*

*Miss Alice Woodroffe, of Paignton, aged nineteen, who won the South of England, the Welsh, the London and West Herts Badminton Championships*

*Left: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody on the ship which took her to New York after spending several months abroad. While visiting Sweden she played lawn tennis with King Gustaf on several occasions*

*Miss J. Ferguson and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, daughter of the Master, at the meet of the Fitzwilliam which took place recently, at Ellington, near Huntingdon*

*Activity at Rufus Stone, near Cadnam, where the New Forest Foxhounds meet took place recently. The Stone marks the spot where Sir Walter Tyrrell proved himself but a poor toxophilite to the detriment of William II.*

# THE SPORTFOLIO

*Left : Taking the first fence in the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase, won by Captain Brownhill on his Gay Devil, numbered ten and seen on the right*

*Below, left : Miss R. Mellor and Miss M. Raphael, representing the International Sportsmen's Club, who were beaten by four games to one by Cheyne in the inter-club Championship*

*Mrs. Harold Phillips, on the extreme left, in converse with a friend. Centre, Mrs. Charlesworth chatting to Captain Arthur Coddington at the International Gun-dog League Retriever Society's Championship Trials, held at Littlecote, near Hungerford, Wilts*

*Above : Miss Marjorie Brassey and Lady Manton leaving their car at a meet of the Cottesmore at Tilton Station*

*Left : Blackheath beat Richmond by fifteen points to five and the photograph shows an incident in the game at Richmond, where a Blackheathen is collared by two Richmond men, with a third who is only too anxious to lend a hand*

# The Golf Ball

## In Aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

*Below: A party of four were Mr. and Mrs. Whineray, Mr. R. B. Foster, who plays golf with the Prince of Wales, and Mr. H. J. Carver, who has played no less than sixteen holes in one, which must surely be a record*

*The Chairman of the Golf Ball, Colonel G. D. Hannay (third from right), and some of his party: Mrs. Gilbey, Miss Cambie, Mr. Derek Gilbey, Mr. Keal, Mrs. Gillespie, the host, Mrs. Eric Palmer and Captain Palmer*

*Above: Brig.-General R. C. Critchley, who plays golf whenever he isn't running the G.R.A., was in good form, and sat between Miss Veitch and Mrs. Cecil Temple*

*Right: Sir Guy Domville, the Earl of Darnley, Miss Diana Fishwick, who was one of the hon. secretaries of the very successful dance, Major Leslie, and Lady Prescott*

*Another foursome at Grosvenor House were Lieut.-General Sir Harold and Lady Fawcus, Miss Fawcus, and Mr. Martyn Greene, Sir Henry Lytton's D'Oyly Carte successor*

*Photographs by Sasha*

*Mr. R. O. Porter, Miss Enid Wilson, Mrs. R. O. Porter, Miss Eleanor Helme, and Mr. Reggie Musson were five more at the dance for the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital*

# Hors d'Oeuvres *By "Caviare"*

*LADY HELEN STEWART, Lord Londonderry's third daughter, would look much more attractive if she always had her hair well-waved—the straight-end effect, a little ragged, is not becoming to anyone. Nowadays young girls must all try to be exceedingly "chic." Miss Stourton, who works for her living, is always beautifully turned out, so it is not entirely a question of money.*

*YOUNG hostesses would do well to copy the charm, gaiety, and "poise" of Lady Elibank. She never forgets a face, and has a delightfully vivacious way of talking. She is moving into a new house, and her wonderful old gilt bed, hand-carved, will, of course, go with her.*

*MAYFAIR is not itself. Mrs. "Dickie" Hirsch has gone to America; no one has seen Sir Robert Throckmorton; and the Cecil Pims have gone to India. What shall we do? We're all alone—so all alone!*

*THINGS you must see—*
*Mrs. Blew-Jones's eyelashes.*
*Mr. John Mason enjoying admiration.*
*Lady Bridget Poulett bowing to a friend.*
*Miss Bunting Stephenson hoping for an invitation.*
*Mrs. Charles Cartwright meeting a Duchess.*

*MADAME WOENODSKY has a vivid personality, and is one of the best-informed women I have met for some time. She has, of course, made a brilliant success of her decorating business, but she can also talk on every and any subject. She is a loyal friend and a dangerous enemy. In other words, she is worth knowing.*

*OH'S and Ah's of the Little Season seem to have been over—*
*Miss Barbara Hutton—dollars and all.*
*Miss Margaret Whigham—Sweeny and all.*
*Sir Hugh Smiley—Beaton and all.*

*WE are all so glad a certain very Mayfair marriage has not come to an end so quickly as was threatened. Try, try, try again, my dears!*

*WHO fancies her small feet?*
*Who fancies a man whose name starts with a "D" and is spelt with four letters?*
*Who fancies two diamond clips?*
*Who fancies her Cartier necklace, this year's vintage?*
*Who fancies a flat in Hereford Street, and an attractive peer?*

*IS it true that a quite charming man has bruised his heart against a near-royal door?*

*SONG-WRITING is becoming quite a craze. Clever Lady Douro has written a foxtrot called "You're Not My Type At All, My Dear," which is really a very good tune, and Judge Hargreaves has composed some ballads. I'm hoping for a gavotte from Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, and a simple movement in E flat from one of the Embassy blondes.*

*Miss Jane Mackelvie, another of America's heiresses, who is paying us a visit, with Lady Charles Cavendish at a charity dinner-supper-dance at the Café de Paris*

*At the same party, in aid of the Hospital of St. John and Elizabeth: Miss Ruth Stafford, Mrs. H. G. Stafford, Viscountess Tiverton, the Chairman, and Lady Flavia Gifford*

*IN spite of tactical advance and heavy barrage, a great number of eligible bachelors are still at large, and mammas must wait for the springtime. Lord Carlow still prefers aeroplanes to matrimony; Sir Ian Walker's companion is his gun; Lord Knebworth is politically-minded; Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith is busy entertaining. The bells of St. Margaret's may ring—but not for him—not yet.*

Photos by Swaebe

**Constance, Duchess of Westminster, and her husband, Captain Lewis, photographed having supper together last week at the Hungaria**

*LADY HARCOURT has an intelligent as well as a beautiful face. So few people have both assets. Lady Fiona Fuller is another young married with beauty and brains.*

*"IS it smart these days to love one's mother-in-law?" asked a must-be-fashionable-or-die. She had seen Jock Leslie and his wife lunching with Mrs. Pinckard at the Ritz.*

*I LIKE the dignified old school of which Lord Granard is a perfect example. I wonder if the bright young men of to-day will ever have the dignity, charm, and presence which is characteristic of that generation. Can you imagine Mr. Hamish Erskine as an old man? Or Mr. Cecil Beaton at eighty?*

*EQUALLY difficult to imagine is Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton with white hair; Miss Margaret Whigham with false teeth; Miss Baba Beaton with rheumatism; Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell as a grandmother.*

*LADY RAVENSDALE must have the strongest ears of any of us: her earrings are gigantic, and her eighteenth-century paste ones must be very heavy. She is thinner lately, but still amusing, and very intelligent. Her sister, Lady Cynthia Mosley, is still politically minded.*

*Above: In the All-British v. Brighton Hair-Raising Competition, Rex Hartley beat Harry Preston by one straight set to a hair. Owing to absence abroad, "Plum" Warner did not compete*

*Below: Midget Golf. Reggie Straker, considerably inspired by Epstein's "Genesis," won the West of England Amateur Championship for Obesity, thus disposing of the claims of an all-round sportsman, Oscar Asche*

*For the third year in succession, John Morrison has won the Southern Counties Funny Hat and Froth-Blowing Championship. Lord Tennyson was a very good second, having put in plenty of home-work at Gunter's*

*Below: With the help of Jack Doyle, the Directors of the Greyhound Racing Association easily won this year's Swallowing the Tonsils Tournament*

# Little Known, and Even Less Known,

## As Revealed by Our Special

*Richard Sickert, A.R.A., has once again checked J. H. Thomas, M.P., from being the best-dressed man of the year*

*Next Week—*

More Harris: A Forecast of Sport in 1933

By Old Moore Harris

*A Tate-à-Tate*

*Left: Jimmie Braid, at the Surrey and Sussex Meet of the Plates of Meat at Flatfoot, was beaten by Maurice Tate, who firmly held his ground. Carnera and a young lady from the L.G.U. were disqualified. C. B. Cochran, who acted as umpire, after naming another new brandy, soon got the measure of this event*

*Left: Ted Ray beat Oxford and Cambridge (Street and Circus), in the All-British-cum-Oxhey Divot Raising Contest, by half an acre and two boulders*

# Championships We Still Retain

"Bystander" Artist, H. H. Harris

# Westminster Whispers

## Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

*Right: Mr. Lloyd George holds a council of war in his library at Churt on his next attack on the unwilling soil of his estate: his advisers are Lady Carey Evans, Sir Thomas Carey Evans, Mrs. Lloyd George, and Miss Megan Lloyd George*

*Round the Fire at Churt*

*Celebrating Ottawa*

*Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Horne at the Ottawa Celebration Dinner at Claridge's, in Mr. Bennett's honour*

The Commons rose for their Christmas holidays last Thursday. They will return to Westminster on February 7th, so that, considering all things, they don't do too badly. There are few other professions in which one can take a couple of months' leave in the summer, a month at Christmas, another at Easter, and draw one's salary the whole time. No wonder the lists of candidates at the Party headquarters never grow less.

Members, of course, say they deserve every penny of their four hundred a year, now, under the Economy proposals, reduced to three hundred and sixty. They say that, even when the House isn't sitting, they are not given a moment's peace by their constituents; they are always hard at work speaking or writing or interviewing. One M.P. actually told me he was far busier when the House was "up" than otherwise.

The sitting about and doing nothing is what kills the enthusiasm of most new Members. They have to learn patience. If they do, and at the same time retain their enthusiasm, there is hope for them. Most fall by the wayside. The tragedy of it all is that, while there is nothing for them to do, the Cabinet and under-Ministers are overwhelmed with work, a large quantity of which could easily be done by others.

Why do men go into Parliament? To hear some of them talk, you would imagine they would do anything to come out of it. As a matter of fact, of course, they have only to resign. They never do. The average Member's life, even with the disappointments and the occasional boredom, and the occasional hard work, is a very happy one. Hence the increasing contentment of the Socialist M.P.s.

Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, had a great reception over here. He is a very remarkable man. A friend of mine met him for the first and only time during the Ottawa Conference last summer. He had ten minutes or so of conversation, during which he mentioned that he found philately was, for him, the perfect mental relaxation. Last week he met Mr. Bennett again at dinner. "How are you, my good friend?" said Mr. Bennett. "And how are the stamps?"

The Ottawa delegates were delighted to meet peacefully and socially the man who caused all the thunder and the lightning in the Conference Room. Mr. Bennett's capacity for friendship is overwhelming. He and Mr. Thomas took a long time to appreciate one another, but are now the best of friends.

By the way, the latest Thomas story is "out." His secretary, seeing him getting ready to hurry off somewhere, asked him where he was going. "This Irish business," he said; "a haddock Committee of the Cabinet." His secretary was surprised. J. H. and fish seemed an unholy combination. He made enquiries and kicked himself for a fool "Ad hoc" shouldn't have been difficult for him to get at.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has had a busy year. The Budget, the Lausanne Conference, Ottawa, and then the American Debt negotiations have kept him continuously in the limelight, which is unusual for a Chancellor of the Exchequer—always excepting Mr. Churchill. Mr. MacDonald has overworked himself. I hear he starts his day most mornings at seven and is lucky if he is through by half-past two the next.

Mr. Baldwin is magnificent. His placidity is one of the nation's great assets, I am sure. If he once showed emotion of any kind other than the sentimental love he has for Worcestershire, if he once were not to kiss his Order paper before reading it, I should begin to think things were going wrong.

The American Debt payment excitement died down eventually to leave us all more or less where we were before—in the dark. The rumours that were about of how the actual payment was made—of comings and goings, borrowings and lendings—were in the best Norman tradition.

I have no inside information on the subject, but I imagine that the statement (from Socialist quarters) that Mr. Craigie Aitchison is to be made a Judge is a case of the wish being father to the thought. There is more hope in the Kilmarnock division for a Socialist candidate than in the divisions which will be contested in the New Year.

The Honours List to be published next week will not bring much satisfaction to Transport House. One section of the Conservative Party will, I know, rejoice and be exceeding glad, but I wonder what the Peers will say? Mayfair should not be disappointed if the Housing expert has to wait till another time. He is on the lists all right.

Innumerable aspirants to the Upper House have blessed their predecessor who, on being asked for payment in advance, gave a cheque, post-dated and signed with his title-name-to-be. I believe, though, that that was in the palmy days of Ll. G. Perhaps now it is cash—and no question of C.O.D.

## LADY MILBANKE

*Two new portraits—one by Keith Bryant—of Sir John Milbanke's lovely wife, and, inset, Sir John Milbanke himself. Lady Milbanke is one of the attractive people that Australia has sent to Mayfair; her father was the late Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney. She and her husband make London their headquarters most of the time, and Lady Milbanke has been doing a good deal of work on the committees of the many charity functions that happen at this time of year*

*Paul Tanqueray*

*The Passing Picture Show*

# Night Life

By

Sydney Tremayne

*A Bath in Hollywood*

*Day after day George Raft has been taking his bath in "Night After Night," at the Plaza. Undeterred by Roscoe Kam's worried look, the new Valentino collects new fans with every bath*

*And a Bath in England*

*Owen Nares wears a hat while he has his bath in "Where Is This Lady?" but he doesn't worry about his attendant looking upset, either; a bath is a warm and soothing place, and a popular event in any film*

SOPHISTICATION is one of the most misused words in the language. It is generally accepted as being the antonym for naïf and ingenuous. A woman experienced and worldly is described as sophisticated—she probably is, but that is not what they mean. I have even heard sophistication attributed to a frock! The real meaning is something "specious and fallacious," and it is amusing that, on the screen, Americans so often are actually sophisticated when they think they are, only in quite a different way!

For instance, the two greatest exponents of sophistication (male) in Hollywood are Adolphe Menjou, the pseudo-Frenchman who lost his sinecure as universal provider of hand-kisses and insinuating admiration by proving, in *The Front Page*, that he could really act; and William Powell, who, one is certain from the parts in which he is cast, is Hollywood's idea of that rare and dangerous specimen, a cultivated gentleman. Kay Francis, who acted with Colman in *Raffles*, is the object of a lot of front-page photographic publicity and superlative adjectives at present, and I have an idea that she is considered to be what they mean by sophisticated.

IT entails, chiefly, wearing evening clothes a great deal. High hats for men, and low backs for women. Of course, the kind of life lived by these people is what is known as "night life." Presumably, they do have some way of getting through the day, but if they eat bacon and eggs, order groceries, or walk the dog, they do so behind the back of the film-producers. On the screen they are always shown, at the earliest, dressing for their visit to the night-club or speak-easy, drinking champagne (very sophisticated!), dancing, murdering or being murdered, and generally displaying their superiority over ordinary day-time people by living and loving, and sometimes dying, in evening clothes.

LATELY I seem to have lived in this orchidacious night-club atmosphere (in the cinema). There was *Night After Night*, in which George Raft was the proprietor of a speak-easy; then the new Menjou play, *The Night-Club Lady*, in which the principal girl, who is murdered quite early in the film, is the proprietor of a night-club; and, by accident, I saw, the same day, *Embassy Girl*. As there was more night-club and even a clock, just as there was in the Menjou film, showing that it was midnight at the moment the murder was committed—"when the revelry was at its height"—I thought for a moment that it must be the same film, but then I recognised Sally Eilers, the girl with the unshed tears, and she was a "hat-check" girl, instead of the owner of a night-club; the revellers went so far as to wear comic hats, and there was no Menjou, so I realised that this could not be nearly so sophisticated a picture.

"THE Night-Club Lady" is unadulterated rubbish. It is founded on the murder, in New York, of a woman who was reputed to have had two professions, one of them being blackmail, and it was thought that she was killed by one, or a gang, of her victims. She was found strangled in a park or a street, still wearing an expensive fur coat. Nothing nearly so exciting happens in the film. The girl is threatened by anonymous letters. She has her reasons for not going to the police, but the police come to her in the guise of Chief Commissioner Adolphe Menjou, in a white waistcoat, and a troop of incredible detectives, including a woman. They gather round to protect her, and watch the clock. As it strikes twelve (the hour appointed), under their very eyes she screams and drops dead. Nothing very mysterious about that. When you find out, towards the end of the picture, what actually killed her, you will wonder at the murderer's punctuality!

HER two servants, those of her friends who enter into the picture, and the doctor, are all crooks. She has, it appears, blackmailed them all, and each one has good reasons for killing her. It remains for M. Adolphe Menjou, ex-screen lover and editor, to discover that the crime was committed by the least likely person in quite the least probable way in the world. Bibulous idiocy on the part of a superfluous boy friend, as an accompaniment to criminal investigation, is, one supposes, intended as comic relief. Menjou is entirely wasted in this part, and strolls through it in a manner which suggests that he knows it.

AMONG the general releases is a quite entertaining film called *Jewel Robbery*, starring William Powell and Kay Francis. The venue is Vienna (not set to music!), presumably because it is felt that a man like Powell is even more convincingly sophisticated against a European background. He plays the part of a super-jewel thief with "purfect" manner and a delightful sense of fun; and Kay Francis is the lady who loves jewels a good deal more than her elderly husband, craves excitement, and gets it, reveals her back and a complete absence of morals, and succumbs to the fascination of the crook, even before, it must be admitted, he visits her at night and in immaculate evening dress.

Well, you could not expect very convincing acting in a film like that, and you do not get it; but it is quite amusing, and the intricacies of the plot are ingeniously handled.

*Right: Miss Margaret Whigham, who helped to give the party, talking to Mr. Dale Bourn*

*Below: Lady Moira Combe, whose white feather cap was most attractive*

*Lady Bridget Parsons was one of the hostesses at this amusing charity cocktail party, for which the Pinafore Rooms at the Savoy were lent, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold (right) was one of the hosts; with them is Mr. Crawley*

# Cocktails for Toys

## The Buy-Yourself-A-Drink Party at the Savoy

*Left: Mr. Robin Whitworth, Miss Lisa Maugham, and her mother, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, all drank cocktails for the fund to buy Christmas toys for poor children in hospitals*

*Above: Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, the "king" host, Miss Dorothy Hyson, a hostess, and Mr. Ivor McLaren. All the drinks for the party were given to the organisers, so the takings were all profit*

*Miss Wendy Barry, the film-star, was there, looking most attractive; with her is Mr. Dennis Bradley*

*Lady Glentanar was another decorative supporter of the party, at which well over £100 was taken; she is talking to Mr. Francis Ricardo*

# Gay Dogs About Town

## And Their Fair Owners

*Below : The Hon. Theodora Benson and Miles, her cocker, meet the camera while they are out walking. Miss Benson is Lord and Lady Charnwood's younger daughter*

*Lady Maureen Noel, the Countess of Gainsborough's daughter, takes Pat, her Sealyham, for a walk in Kensington Gardens. The Earl of Gainsborough is Lady Maureen Noel's brother*

*Miss "Chris" More-Molyneux joins the ranks of the dog-walkers in the Park when she and her lurcher are in London. She spends most of her time at Loseley Park, near Guildford, her mother's beautiful place*

*Mrs. James Akers's Alsatians keep her from sitting at home by the fire, even on the coldest day ; the two with her are both puppies, and are called Rinkie and Cello*

*Photographs by Swaebe*

*Mrs. Patrick Tritton also has two to exercise, but their shorter legs don't make her work quite so hard ; the Dandy is called Tessa and the rough-haired terrier's name is Terry*

# If Gossip We Must . . .

*Our Christmas Gift—The Pantomime Season—*
*A Country Cabaret—Punch's Club Birthday*

IF ever a nation has been entitled to talk about the seasonable "Good will towards men" without a shred of hypocrisy, and with a solid backing of deeds, that nation is Great Britain.

We make Christmas presents to the whole world all the year round. We are the eternal Santa Claus, the universal aunt.

Any country that happens to be hard up (as well as a good many which are not in the least hard up) has only to hang up its stocking, for John Bull, with a red cap and costume, a sham white beard, but real kindliness in his fat heart and his fat head, to come along and pop a nice present into it. Preferably gold bars.

STILL breathing the charitable spirit of Christmas, I have a suggestion to make.

American Congress, we are told, dare not refuse to collect the so-called Debt, because of the ignorance of the American electorate. Only by educating that electorate up to thinking that to receive a periodical dollop of £20,000,000 or so is bad for it, can any hope come of remission or cancellation.

Equally ignorant, or indifferent, is the English electorate in allowing its representatives to arrange to pay up every farthing without anything being paid to us.

SINCE the continuation of payment to America of millions and millions of pounds, year after year, will inevitably mean an addition to the already overwhelming Income Tax, why not let that addition be a separate tax?

Let us continue to pay—or owe—our Income Tax. But let there be levied, and separately collected, a tax known as the American Debt Tax. Each demand note should contain the details of how the Debt came to be incurred, of how much is owing to us by other nations, and, in particular, of the £100,000,000 or so America owes *us* through the default of the Southern States nearly a century ago.

*Walter Bird*

*Sally Stewart*

*Depicted quite wide awake, though playing lead in "The Sleeping Beauty," which opened at the Lyceum on Boxing Day. Sally Stewart is a young leading lady only seventeen*

*Right: Mary Charles, the American cabaret singer, well known on the Radio, who has been singing at Ciro's, and will appear at the Ace of Spades new club on New Year's Eve*

*Kent Amateurs at Penshurst*

*"Shall We Join the Ladies?" by Sir James Barrie, was one of the plays performed by (back row) Mrs. Winstone Scott, Mr. G. Hollebone, Mr. H. Whitley, Miss Joan Nevill, Mr. G. Blake McGrath, and Mr. F. Winstone Scott; (front row) Mrs. F. Goldsmith, Mrs. St. Clair Campbell, Mrs. Hollebone, Mrs. Howlett, Miss Patricia McGrath, Mrs. McNair Scott, and Mrs. Glasbrook at Penshurst, where the local amateur talent is greatly appreciated*

SUCH a device would "educate," at any rate, the Income-Tax payers. They form, alas! but a small fraction of the electorate, such being the blessings of democracy. But they could be relied upon to make their voices heard—and with good effect.

YET anyone who did not approach the not-very-ancient celebration of Christmas with some sincerity is a scurvy and tiresome fellow. What does it matter that the holly and wassail business does not really go back much further than Charles Dickens and Washington Irving? Down with Scrooge! Not our old Scrooge—who had something to be miserable about, after all—but the young Scrooges, who join the Bright Young Literary Set at cocktail time, and lisp about "hating" Christmas. After all, what was there to hate in Christmas? One did not give presents

if one was too mean or too poor. Anyway, it is always more blessed to receive than to give. And those who, having consistently over-eaten and over-drunk throughout the year, are wont to complain that the present is a season of overeating and over-drinking, have the remedy in their own hands—if they are not already in their doctor's.

I HAVE been to many pantomimes. I like pantomimes. I like the sight of them, the atmosphere of them—even the smell of them, though that still approaches the queer mixture of oranges and humanity rather than Chanel No. 5. I like the nether limbs of principal "boys"—as shapely as those of the turkeys which hang outside the poulterers' shops—and the preposterous fun of the broker's men, and the kitchen scene.

Above all do I like the ballet. No Sunday-night stuff about this: they just fill the stage with as many girls as the management choose to afford, put the plain ones at the back, and tell 'em to go twirling round and round until they are tired or until the comedians have had a rest, a change, and bottled beer.

Pantomime comedians always drink bottled beer.

SOMEONE said the other day that pantomime is dying, and that no one nowadays knows how to produce it properly.

Don't you believe it. Mr. Julian Wylie and the Brothers Melville have the art of pantomime at their finger-tips. Of course, one misses the old familiar faces at Drury Lane, where there is no pantomime, no Arthur Collins, and no Jimmy Glover. But of the old gang at the Lane "Dickie" Lindo—for many years secretary of the company—survives.

DICKIE LINDO rarely comes to London now. I came across him the other day at Ye Olde Crown Inn at Sarre—in a remotish corner of Kent—of which he is mine host.

The place is near Whitstable, and much of his time is occupied in helping to amuse the natives. This he does by running his ancient hostelry as if it were a rustic edition of Quaglino's and the Embassy. He has dance suppers, with a jazz band, a cabaret and all sorts of fun.

On "extension nights," as it were, he has about sixty people sitting down to steak and kidney pudding, Stilton cheese, and cherry brandy. They love it, and, what is more, they can dance on it.

Which is more than I could.

HOW about that for the "Brighter England" movement? If more inns

## *ODES OF ENVY*

No. 4—The Maître d'Hôtel

*I WISH I were a maître d'hôtel;*
*The Maître d'hôtel is such a swell*
*I envy him like blazes.*
*His clothes are always very grand,*
*His manner, courteous and bland,*
*Is much admired on every hand,*
*And each young waiter gazes*
*With apprehension in his eye*
*Whenever he comes strolling by.*

*I wish I were a maître d'hôtel;*
*The Maître d'hôtel can always tell*
*The sham from really pukka,*
*And knows to just the finest shade*
*How much attention must be paid*
*To nouveaux riches, or old and staid,*
*To bon viveur or sucker;*
*And reigns supreme upon the floor,*
*A veritable emperor.*

*I wish I were a maître d'hôtel;*
*The Maître d'hôtel's paid awf'ly well,*
*And, oh, what fun his job is!*
*He simply has to look the part,*
*Discuss the Culinary Art*
*With those whose tums are near their heart*
*And have no other hobbies*
*Than sampling some new-fangled dish*
*Of game or meat or sweet or fish.*

*ENVOI*

*Alas! I know it all too well—*
*I'll never be a Maître d'hôtel,*
*For it is writ no poet poor may*
*Get rich by pand'ring to the gourmet.*

*B. W.*

*Below: Harold Huth, as the lady-killer, and Heather Thatcher, as the lady who declines to be killed, in "The School for Husbands," at the Court Theatre*

*Harold Huth and Heather Thatcher*

*"The Bystander" Cruise to the Sunny Atlantic Islands*

*A view of the Red Star liner Lapland leaving Tilbury Stage and proceeding down-river on one of her cruises. The special "Bystander" cruise in this fine ship, calling at Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores, will leave Tilbury on June 17. Full particulars of this very interesting cruise can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or any travel agency*

Swaebe

*No Mystery Here*

*Though it was at the Mystery Ball at the Café de Paris that, as will be seen above, Cicely Courtneidge, Edward E. Horton, Mrs. Bobby Howes, Jack Hulbert (standing), Bobby Howes, Claude Hulbert, and Ivor McLaren danced and supped in aid of the Women's Holiday Fund*

or Christmas or something of the sort, by another Apolaustic party—this time at the May Fair Hotel.

The Club continues to flourish mightily. The sincerest form of flattery has pursued it, even to the extent of a monosyllabic club being established in a nearby street, which also starts with the letters PU.

The newcomer is energetically devoting itself to raking in as many new members as possible on the catch-my-pal principle

Punch's, on the other hand, is confronted with the reverse problem, since but a portion of those who are anxious to belong are enabled to do so.

DR. BRIDIE, the author of those charming plays, *Jonah and the Whale* and *Tobias and the Angel*, is a Scots physician, and a practising one at that. He has a sense of humour which, I suppose, may be described as "pawky," though I have never yet known the meaning of that word.

A mutual friend asked him the other day what happened to his patients when he was busy with rehearsals, etc. "I expect they just get well," he replied.

GREAT preparations are under way for the Chelsea Arts Ball, which, by the way, will take place on Twelfth Night, January 6th, and not, as previously stated, on New Year's Eve. Some very original and elaborate costumes will be seen at the Albert Hall this year, where the theme will be "Colour," with settings designed by Professor Gerald Moira. Colour, with or without inverted commas, is always a feature of this annual function, and it is one of the sights of London to watch from one of the balconies. The dancers provide a feast of it which dazzles the eye with its kaleidoscopic effect.

*Father Christmas Follows the Fashion*

A story of our times which is now going round: A man warned his wife that he might have his salary docked yet once more. Returning home two days later, his face of gloom was revealing. "They can't have cut your salary again?" cried his better half. "Worse than that," was the reply, "the Guvnor's given me the business!"

Swaeb

*A Jonah Not Difficult to Swallow*

*Left: Lady Glenconner. Right: Mr. Jan Fabricius, the well-known Dutch author and his wife, who were present at the first night of "Jonah and the Whale," at the Westminster Theatre, which attracted a fashionable audience*

in small villages were to adopt a similar programme we should hear less of the ghastly boredom of the countryside in winter time. And fewer young men and maidens would migrate to the towns, to swell unemployment there and to regard American films as the sole relaxation in life.

PUNCH'S CLUB, which helps to do for Mayfair what Lindo does for Sarre, has just celebrated its birthday,

Swaebe

*Mr. Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the R.A.D.A., and his sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, two more present at the first night of Dr. James Bridie's whale of a play about Jonah*

*An incident of the Surrey v. Hampshire match in the County Championship: a Hants man takes a pass*

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

## Signs and Portents

With Christmas behind us, I suppose we must face up to the fact that already another Rugby football season is half over. The months have passed with alarming speed: from now on we shall be distracted by the claims of International, Services and County matches, and the club game will fade quietly into the background. This, to my mind, is a pity; I would rather watch a good club match than an International any day of the week. Still, there it is—the big occasions are before us, though we may as well take the opportunity of considering what we have already learnt this year.

As it happens, I have just received a letter from South Africa, where, apparently, they are still scratching their heads over the signs and portents of the season which ended out there in the autumn. By all accounts they are none too pleased with the standard of South African football, or with the way in which the game is developing.

Actually, their troubles are much the same as ours, for they feel that honest scrummaging becomes less and less important. They wonder, indeed, whether possession in the tight scrums matters nowadays, and that is heresy of the first order, coming from South Africa, where the forward has always been the pivot upon which theory turns.

But if it is heresy, it is based on logical deductions. Take, for example, the recent Springbok tour in this country, when the South African pack did as it pleased with the ball in the tight. Theoretically, Osler and the Springbok three-quarters should have scored try after try from orthodox positions. In point of fact, what happened? Against Wales, the two Springbok tries were the results of a cross-kick by Osler and a forward rush respectively; against Ireland, the scoring movements began from the line-out; in the English match, Zimmerman's opportunism snatched a try after a fumble by our English players, and Brand dropped a goal; Scotland were beaten because a pass went astray and Osler was up to take advantage of it, and then Craven broke through from a scrummage to score on his own.

Not a single try, in short, from an orthodox attacking position after a set scrummage, and it is small wonder that the Springboks are revising their opinions about modern theory. Let us suppose, for instance, that England put into the field against Wales a pack of really fast opportunist forwards who allowed the Welshmen to heel from every scrummage. Then the question is this—would Wales make any headway at all against a defence reinforced by speedy forwards; and, more important still, is it not possible that England would snap up sufficient opportunist tries after Welsh blunders to win the match? Let your opponents have the ball, in fact, for it is from mistakes by the opposition—fumbles, dropped passes, and so on—that tries are scored in modern Rugby football.

This is a theory worth considering. It is, to my way of thinking, a detestable theory, but it is in line with the game's development. Against quick-breaking forwards, tries are not scored to-day from orthodox positions, and this is why back-play has deteriorated in South Africa as well as in the home countries. It suggests, moreover, that unless we are careful, honest scrummaging will lose all its value.

The Springboks realise this, and they see the danger so clearly that they are discussing the possibility of legislation to restrict the activities of the back-row forward. Make it illegal, they say, for any player to cross an imaginary line drawn through the centre of the scrummage between the opposing front rows until the ball has definitely been heeled clear of the scrummage.

Now this is a suggestion which has been considered often enough over here. It has even been tried in Wales, though whether it proved successful I don't know. Certainly it would give the scrum-

*G. P. B. Goldson, the Hampshire scrum-half, is brought down in the same match, which was won by Hampshire by eleven points to three*

halves and the stand-off halves time to initiate movements with some hope of beating the defence, and this would at once place a premium upon efficient scrummaging. On the other hand, it would give the scrum-half so much time that he would lose his present incentive to speed in getting the ball away, and so the rule might largely defeat its own object.

It is a difficult question, and a highly important one. Manifestly, we must not sacrifice scrummaging, which is an integral part of the game, to the activities of the roving forward; and yet the Rugby Union are definitely against adding further complications to laws which are confusing enough already. The essence of Rugby football used to be its freedom from restriction; within certain well-defined limits, a player might do anything and give full rein to his powers. Unfortunately, there has been a gradual change, and the laws have had to be tightened and amplified considerably.

I think, myself, that they will have to be amplified further. There was a time, not so long ago, when I believed that back-row forwards were an inevitable part of the game's development, and that they would merely force intelligent players behind the scrummage to find some answer to their spoiling tactics. I must admit, however, that my mind is changing—I have seen too much this winter of the lurker who does no work, but springs away to smother the stand-off half, and I believe that, eventually, we shall have to drive him into honest courses by legislating against him.

There are those who uphold the present order of things by claiming that backs are driven to use their intelligence now in switching the direction of attack by the cross-kick and the punt-ahead and the inside pass, and I admit the value of these manœuvres. Unfortunately, they are manœuvres which depend largely upon chance: any kind of kick, for instance, means that possession is relinquished, and that the opposition have at least a chance of taking the ball, and with it the initiative. This is wrong: Rugby football is not a game of chance, but a deliberate campaign, in which scrummaging, running and combination are the main virtues.

# Her First Appointment

## Lady Veronica Hornby's Daughter Has Her Picture Taken

*Lying most peacefully in her satin-lined crib, Lady Veronica Hornby's baby daughter sucks her thumb and gazes up at her mother while her first photograph is taken*

*Mr. Anthony and Lady Veronica Hornby's daughter, who here makes her first public appearance, is to be christened Marie-Antoinette. She already takes a great deal of interest in what goes on in the world, and what she sees does not seem to disturb her at all. The photograph on the left was taken while she was being weighed; perhaps there is a gesture of protest in the position of those small hands. Lady Veronica Hornby, before her marriage to Mr. Anthony Hornby a year ago, was Lady Veronica Blackwood, and is Lord Dufferin and Ava's only sister*

*Photos by Swaebe*

*Grizelda Hervey (right) talking to Florence Desmond and Geoffrey Gwyther, who were two of the "All-Star Cabaretta," which was arranged by Edmund Goulding; he sang in it too*

*The Marquess of Headfort and Marie Tempest were two of the many stars at this very all-star party*

# A Party with Punch's

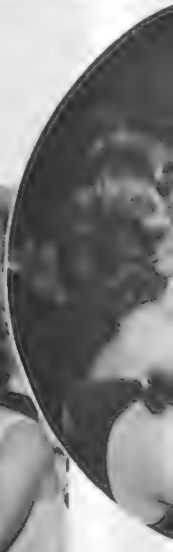
## The Club's Anniversary Dinner-Dance at the May Fair

*Lady Warrender and Mr. Patrick Davison photographed between dances at the May Fair, whither Punch's Club migrated for its party*

*Viscountess Mandeville and Mr. Nick Prinsep finding the party such a good and amusing one that even the flashlight didn't make them blink*

*June, who was one of the stars of the "Cabaretta," making the presentation of the evening to "Punch" (the Hon. Arthur Elliott), whose birthday present took the form of a cigarette case*

*Mrs. "Bunny" Tattersall (Janet Jevons) was in a party with Mr. Leander J. McCormack and the Comtesse de Fleurieu, who are going to be married in a few weeks in London*



*Miss dancing engaged Nancy match*

*Above are the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, Lady Seafield, and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, and a handsome display of bottles on their table*

*Right: Miss Celia Palmer was there with Mr. Stephen Cougdon, the film actor, who is over in London from Hollywood*

*On the right is The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, who is a Canadian, watching the cabaret with Prince Henry of Pless*

*s Nancy Beaton and Sir Hugh Smiley cing together, and looking like the happy ged couple they are, but the flower Miss Beaton wears in her hair ought to h her fiancé's buttonhole, or oughtn't it?*

*Below are Miss Betty Somerset and Mr. Basil Kennedy; Miss Somerset is "of Speakeasy," as she runs the popular Bruton Mews snack-bar with that name*

*Mr. John Pepys Cockerill looks surprised, or was that the flashlight that gave him a shock? Miss Una MacLaren wears an amusing near-tartan dress, with a velvet bow instead of a plaid*

*Above: Mrs. Philip Kindersley and M. Georges Cattani, the First Secretary at the Egyptian Legation*

*Above are Mrs. Pat Anderson, Major Pat Anderson's good-looking wife, and Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, who is the Liberian Minister*

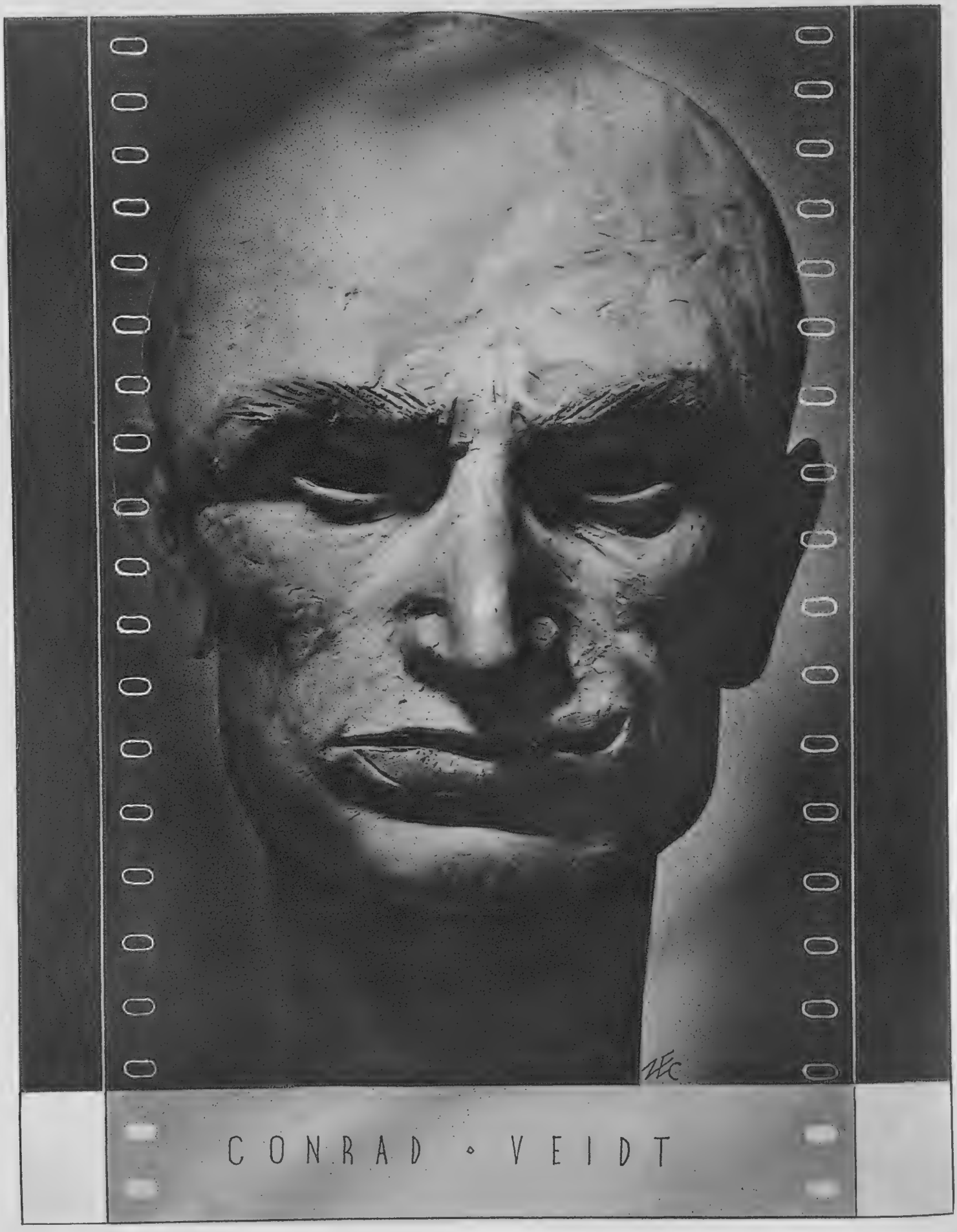
*Left: Lady Adare in front of the bar, and "John" of Punch's, behind it; the latter was singing in the cabaret as well as serving drinks*

*Photographs by Sasha*

# PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

## No. 8: Conrad Veidt

*Modelled and Designed by Zec*



# F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

## A Review of the Old Year

As I sit here at my desk, wondering just how I shall entertain my readers in this issue of THE BYSTANDER, which is the last to be published in the year of disgrace 1932, it has occurred to me that perhaps it may be of interest to all who play the game of golf to look back for a few moments on the history of golf for the last year, trying to forget about the Walker Cup and the Open Championship.

It is always rather a sad business, or so it seems to me, to look back on even a short period of life which cannot be recalled. Things have been done which cannot be undone: some—alas! so few of us—have achieved fame which will remain a constant comfort to us, forming pleasant memories when the strength in our fingers is not sufficient properly to grip a club. Others have been so near and yet so far; and these will be thinking that if only such-and-such a thing had happened, then the story of the year might so well have had to be so differently written: others again, less lucky, have only a bad year to look back upon, which they are only too anxious to forget, and they will welcome the renewed chance which the new year will offer.

THERE are three categories of golfers, therefore, who deserve consideration in an article of this description. These are, firstly, those who have succeeded; secondly, those who have so nearly succeeded; and, lastly, those who have failed, and since we are to start the New Year on a happy note, let us leave the first to the last, and promote the failures to initial consideration.

Now, before I so rashly designate by name those whom I am about, so cruelly, to term as failures, I would like, for my own protection, to soften that hard word slightly. Bad years come and go, and it is unusual for anybody who is really good to fail for more than one year on end; so unusual, in fact, that when it does happen there is almost certainly some other reason, possibly quite unavoidable, more than a temporary kink in the swing. To use the word "failure," therefore, is to use it in a very careful and comparative sense, and merely to suggest that, since much is expected of a good golfer, when that golfer does not produce that quality of winning he may comparatively be termed a failure of the year. Those of whom I am about to speak now should, therefore, instead of considering themselves adversely criticised by me, remember that they are so good that they have disappointed.

WITH the pleasant feeling that my victims will now probably not turn and rend me, I must mention first of all, as a prominent member of this class, last year's Amateur Champion, Eric Martin-Smith. Here is a young man who was considered, quite rightly, to be the best golfer of his year at Cambridge, and who leapt into undying fame by winning the Amateur Championship of 1931 somewhat unexpectedly, but in a convincing manner. He won it in the best way possible to win it, by playing match-winning golf. In 1932, however, Eric Martin-Smith has not been in the picture. This is very largely due to the fact that he has played but little golf, and I am voicing not merely my own opinion, but also that of many excellent judges, when I say that in the next ten years, should he choose to take a little trouble over it, Eric Martin-Smith is more than likely to add a second Championship to his first.

ANOTHER golfer of eminence who has failed to fulfil expectations this year is T. A. Bourn. Up to this year, Dale Bourn has been in the habit of collecting one minor Championship per year, whether it be a French or an English one. I hope I am not maligning him when I say that I cannot trace one for 1932. But he also has been giving less attention to golf than previously, and no doubt 1932 was but one sacrifice to business.

There are others, but it is the prominence of Martin-Smith and Bourn which has necessitated the mention of their names.

IT has just been borne in upon me rather forcibly that the space available to me for this article is not nearly sufficient in which to do justice to the subject, and I will, therefore, content myself with the second class—those who have so nearly been successful but for whom things have just gone wrong—and I will mention only one name. That great-hearted Irish golfer, Lionel Munn, very nearly won the Championship this year, and he is no doubt still trying to forget certain shots which he played in the last few holes of the last match in it in which he figured. It would have given a great number of people a great deal of pleasure if Lionel Munn had succeeded in his endeavour, for he is a golfer of the finest type and of acknowledged ability.

NOW for those of the final class: those who have covered themselves with glory. First and foremost must come the Amateur Champion, John de Forest, who followed up an unsuccessful endeavour in the final of the Amateur against Eric Martin-Smith in 1931 by beating Eric Fiddian in the Final this year. True, John de Forest did little else, but the winning of the Amateur Championship is an achievement which in itself is the finest open to any amateur golfer, and he should feel very proud of this feat. Funnily enough, I think he is less likely to repeat his win than Eric Martin-Smith, whom I have put under the category of failures for this year, but there is no knowing—and John de Forest, after all, delights in confounding the critics. All good luck to him!

Second in this galaxy of stars must come Tony Torrance, captain of the British Walker Cup side this year and hero of a great match in that contest with Francis Ouimet when he retained his unbeaten record in his own particular history of this event.

*Playing in the Old Wellingtonian G.S. v. Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club match at Deal: W. T. Sanctuary, of the Royal Cinque Ports, and Capt. R. P. Needham, an Old Wellingtonian*

Third should, perhaps, come McLean, winner of the Scottish and Irish Amateur Championships, and, possibly, in spite of his omission from the Walker Cup side, the best amateur player in the country.

Fourth, clearly Bentley, winner of the French Amateur Championship, and, more important still, of the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. He also missed selection for the Walker Cup side, and very possibly he was a victim to that ridiculous method—the selection so very early in the season of those who are to play for us without waiting to see what they will do in open competition.

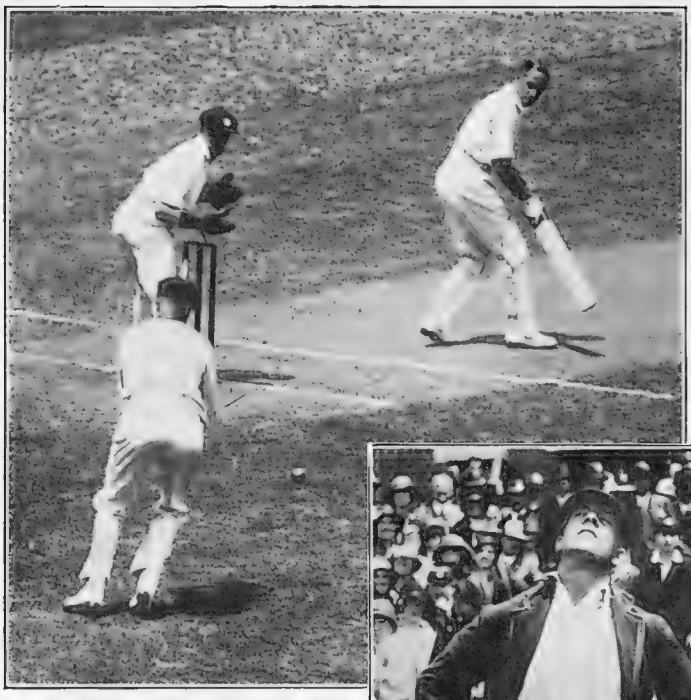
BUT let us end on a cheerful note; let us look forward, in spite of our frightful defeat in the Walker Cup Match, to the possibility of better things to come. This winter opportunities are being offered to young golfers of promise of playing with professionals—quite a new state of affairs in the out season. At any rate, it is the first step noticeable in the history of golf in this country of any attempt to help the younger generation of golfers to take the game seriously, and to learn.

*Captain M. Boissier and J. O. H. Greenly on the first tee in the Bucks and Berks Golf Alliance meeting*

*Two more competitors in the same match, which was played at Flaxwell Heath, Bucks: Comdr. C. R. Sharpe, R.N., and L. Padfield at the 16th*

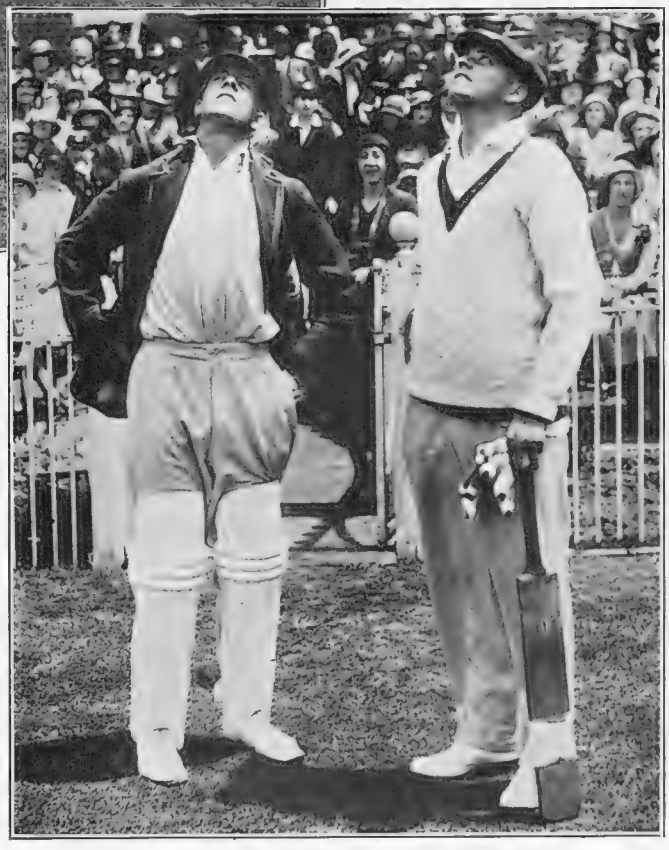
# Ian Peebles on Cricket

## The Second Test



*Left: Nagel, who took 8 wickets for 32 runs in the M.C.C. second innings at Melbourne, lets the M.C.C. off once, anyhow, when he drops a catch from a stroke by Sutcliffe off Ironmonger*

*His Only Mistake!*



*An Unlucky Toss for the M.C.C.*

*Woodfull and Wyatt, who captained the M.C.C. in their match at Melbourne, watch the spinning coin. The M.C.C. were all out for 60 in their second innings, the lowest score on record for an English team in non-Test matches for nearly forty years*

Now that the strain and anxiety of Wagga-Wagga is over and the M.C.C. are enjoying themselves in Tasmania, we can take advantage of the interval to speculate on the second Test. This we can do with much greater optimism than we could summon up when approaching the first, but, paradoxically, it seems we cannot expect anything like such an easy victory again. Australia were definitely below form, and have already strengthened their ranks on paper; but England can probably field a stronger side, too, with the experience gained in the first Test. As is usually the case, the changes required on the winning side are more delicate, and therefore much more interesting, than the firm and obvious measures necessary in the ranks of the defeated. Let us, therefore, start by poking gently into England's affairs.

THE first point that strikes one at the moment of writing is the success of Tom Mitchell. It is almost impossible to assess the real value of his wholesale slaughter of Wagga-Waggaians, as, not being present, one doesn't really know the form. The proceedings seem to have been conducted with a certain levity, which does not savour of a really hard fight. The wicket appears to have given the bowlers a certain amount of assistance, and the play seems to have been punctuated by sharp blasts of dust hissing across the ground. Again, the batting, seemingly, was not first-class. But in Mitchell's favour is the very powerful evidence of the other bowlers' figures. In precisely the same conditions, they were far from impressive, while Mitchell's would have been praiseworthy in any circumstances. Such being so, he must be regarded as more than a possible starter for the next Test.

Now arises the problem as to who to leave out. I am against dropping Verity. If it rains, he is our best bowler. If it is dry, he will be found exceedingly useful in the event of a big total which might exhaust our fast bowlers. One point slightly in favour of the change of Mitchell for Verity is that it would not greatly affect our batting strength.

THE alternative is to play Mitchell instead of Allen. It would be extremely bad luck on Allen, after his splendid form in inter-State cricket, but he is really the only one we can afford to drop. To interfere with our batting would be unwise, and our fast bowlers, Voce and Larwood, are firmly established. This change would also mean that Ames would have to be kept in the side to strengthen the batting, which seems sound policy. It would also mean that a little more work would be thrown on Hammond's shoulders as a fast-medium bowler—Melbourne being distinctly a fast bowler's wicket.

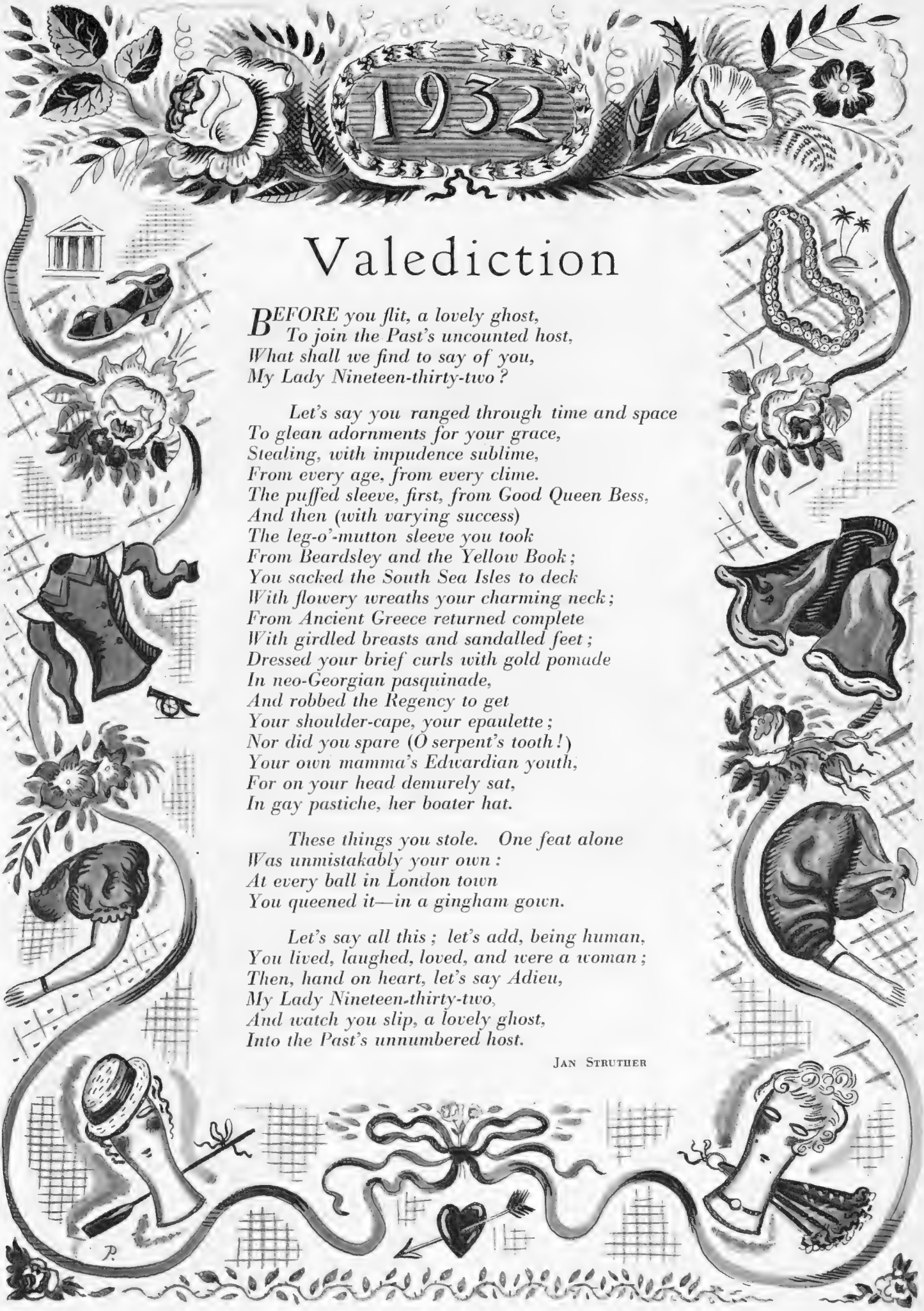
BEING a wicket of this description we can but hope that our stock fast bowlers will find it so much to their liking that there will be no need to call upon Hammond to do too much work as a bowler. He is a batsman first and foremost, and it would be a thousand pities if, by the fortune of war, his value as a bat were discounted by having thrown on his shoulders the added responsibility of getting out the Australians.

CASTING an eye over the opposition, one sees a suspicion of confusion here and there—a shuffling of the feet, a reddening of the cheek. Kippax is sacked—surely a rather drastic measure this, Grimmet is murmured against. Even Bradman's return does not seem to bring a smile to the lean, hungry face of the Selection Committee. His health is still worrying the Selectors, and it seems that Harold Larwood's health is still worrying Bradman. Ironmonger is also a great problem—his value as a bowler must be greatly offset by his mediocrity as a batsman and fielder.

OXENHAM seems, on paper, to be a sound selection, and is a step towards cutting down a tail which looked to be almost simian in its length. If Bradman finds form and the lower part of the batting order is stiffened, Australia will be a very different side. It looks as if this stiffening might easily be effected without weakening their attack in the slightest.

GIVEN Australia's best side in its best form, we ought to win at Melbourne. It is a fast bowler's wicket, and there we have a crushing advantage. Again I believe the match is wholly dependent on Larwood's success against the top of the Australian batting order. This time he has the additional opposition of Bradman, and this will be the most interesting duel of the match.

MELBOURNE is said to help the bowler quite considerably on the first day before lunch, and so the side winning the toss have always got a period of danger to survive before they reap the advantages, but if only our batsmen show solidity all through, I think that, given equal luck, we should add a second victory to the first in this series of Tests.




# Valediction

*BEFORE you flit, a lovely ghost,*
*To join the Past's uncounted host,*
*What shall we find to say of you,*
*My Lady Nineteen-thirty-two?*

*Let's say you ranged through time and space*
*To glean adornments for your grace,*
*Stealing, with impudence sublime,*
*From every age, from every clime.*
*The puffed sleeve, first, from Good Queen Bess,*
*And then (with varying success)*
*The leg-o'-mutton sleeve you took*
*From Beardsley and the Yellow Book;*
*You sacked the South Sea Isles to deck*
*With flowery wreaths your charming neck;*
*From Ancient Greece returned complete*
*With girdled breasts and sandalled feet;*
*Dressed your brief curls with gold pomade*
*In neo-Georgian pasquinade,*
*And robbed the Regency to get*
*Your shoulder-cape, your epaulette;*
*Nor did you spare (O serpent's tooth!)*
*Your own mamma's Edwardian youth,*
*For on your head demurely sat,*
*In gay pastiche, her boater hat.*

*These things you stole. One feat alone*
*Was unmistakably your own:*
*At every ball in London town*
*You queened it—in a gingham gown.*

*Let's say all this; let's add, being human,*
*You lived, laughed, loved, and were a woman;*
*Then, hand on heart, let's say Adieu,*
*My Lady Nineteen-thirty-two,*
*And watch you slip, a lovely ghost,*
*Into the Past's unnumbered host.*

JAN STRUTHER

*Scaioni*

THIS new béret is made of dark red velvet, with several bands of velvet in different shades of red to tone placed over the right eye

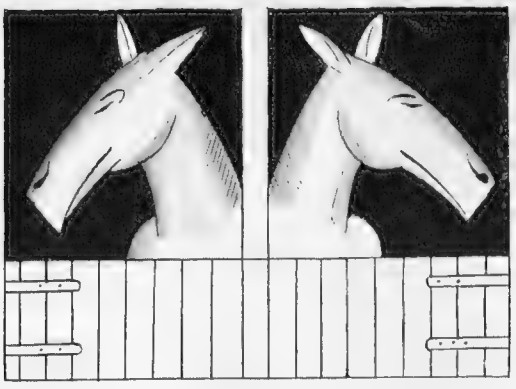
*Yevonde*

*Horst, Paris*

# Last Fashion News of the Old Year

MADAME de Valdès, the beautiful wife of the First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy, is wearing a dark brown coat-dress and a tie made of two blue foxes. Her small hat matches her dress

MADAME Ija Norden is the attractive name which Lady Abdy has chosen for her film career. She is here seen attired in a Garbo-like dress of black velvet from Louiseboulanger



# Some new Stable Companions

RECENTLY some of our foremost designers have allied together some materials which have not hitherto run in pairs. At the top of the page is a velvet dress accompanied by a befrilled tulle coat of a lighter shade or contrasting colour

NAVY blue wool crêpe and blue and white check gingham is another unexpected combination which is used with great success by Peggy Morris in some of her new suits designed for the Riviera. She also uses yellow and white gingham with yellow kasha

AN even more sensational alliance is shown on the left, where a double stole of grey fox is bordered with organdie. This idea was evolved by Mainbocher for a formal afternoon costume and is one we shall probably see at Ascot next summer

PALE lemon-yellow satin and a cape of burgundy red silk organdie is another unusual suggestion from Mainbocher, This silk organdie does not crease, yet is stiff enough to appear crisp and fresh. This dress and its cape are to be found at Albert and Johnson

ON a coat of navy blue Schiaparelli uses for the collar both her crinkled Fremito ribbon and Persian lamb. The latter outlines the revers, which are made of the black crinkled ribbon, and the combination is most intriguing. Fortnum & Mason have this model

*Scaioni*

MRS. Rex Colclough looks particularly lovely in this graceful black chiffon gown from Peggy Morris. The skirt is mounted over a foundation of taffeta in order to achieve a flared silhouette

*Above : Lady Plunket, Chairman of the Marie Curie Hospital Appeal, who arranged the dinner, shaking hands with Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth when they arrived*

*Right : Lady Maureen Stanley, who presided at the dinner, with Mr. Frederick Lonsdale ; the latter was one of the speakers on behalf of the Hospital*

*Below : Lady Greer and Lord Justice Greer, who were two of the guests at the dinner at the Dorchester, which was a great success*

*Mrs. V. J. Hamilton was one of the Vice-Chairmen of the Appeal, the other two being Lady Ellesmere and Lady Gainsborough*

*Right : The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, whose husband was another of the Appeal speakers at the dinner, talking to Mrs. Ronald Balfour*

# More Charity Diners

## The Marie Curie Hospital Dinner at the Dorchester

*Right : The mercenary-minded secretary (Leonora Corbett) who becomes the wife at a moment's notice*

# Fallen Prophets

*Sketches of "Business with America," at the Haymarket, by Rouson*

*The worm turns at last : Paul Frohner (Clifford Mollison) is annoyed at the attention which the American business man (Ian Hunter) pays his wife (Madge Titheradge). The business man thinks the wife is the secretary !*

*Viewing with mixed feelings the cause of all the trouble, the dog, Bibi! Paul Frohner (Clifford Mollison) and Clary Frohner (Madge Titheradge)*

### *"The Cathedral"*

SPEAKEASIES off Broadway, sinister villas on the Riviera, and Grand Babylon hotel bedrooms are not the only places where drama stalks and passions run riot. Hugh Walpole plants his human melting-pot in the cathedral close of a provincial town and stirs up within it a very potent brew of strife and sorrow. We are eye-witnesses of the battle of Polchester, fought to a fatal finish between Archdeacon Brandon, blustering, conceited, and arrogant, and the insidious newcomer, Canon Ronder, suave, subtle, and equally determined.

Proffering peace, Ronder is met with the sword. Thenceforth the Archdeacon finds the intruder's shadow always across his path. It even creeps into his private affairs.

His son runs away to London, his wife elopes with a solicitor, his health declines, his reason leaves him. Broken, ill, and half-sane, he is outvoted in the Chapter House—Ronder's "atheist" candidate for an important living is elected—collapses and dies.

A fine novel has, for once, made a fine play. Compression and omission make gaps in the rising graph of tragedy, and the figure of Ronder is only half-lit ; but the weight and atmosphere of the dominant theme are keenly felt and surely drawn. Sidelights of humour and local colour relieve the deepening gloom.

Balliol Holloway, gaunt, grim, and intense, dominates the histrionic horizon as Brandon : a fine performance. Francis L. Sullivan's almost negative thumb-nail of Ronder is, by contrast, equally effective. Eileen Thorndike, Thea Holme, Clare Harris, Anthony Shaw, Martin Lewis, Agnes Lauchlan, and Eric Berry do excellent work for the laity, and all the clergy are both creditable and credible.

### *"Jonah and the Whale"*

JAMES BRIDIE, whose tact, native wit and shrewd academical humour were so happily blended in *Tobias and the Angel*, has brought off a biblical double to delight the connoisseurs with *Jonah and the Whale*.

The Old Testament has no better practical joke. Jonah, at the Westminster, cuts a sorry figure, mainly because, having none himself, he fails to realise that Jehovah is possessed of a sense of humour. Mr. Bridie gives the poor fellow a swelled head and an inferiority complex, and altogether handles him rather roughly, even to the extent of making the sinful Nineveh as harmless as Leamington on a Sunday afternoon.

Jonah, on board the ship for Tarshish, an excellent scene, is presented as the smallest of fry. Comes the storm, a fine effort of realism, and the next we see of the prophet is sitting gloomily at the entrance of a dim tunnel representing the whale's interior. The monster has been chatting to him for three days and nights (in the rich voice of Henry Oscar, the producer), and Jonah is bored stiff with his saviour's efforts as a science lecturer.

There is a simple and effective scene of thanksgiving on the yellow sands of deliverance, and thence to Nineveh, where satire (at the expense of the local Ladies' Uplift Movement—Jonah is received, at the Hotel Baal, as if he were a distinguished politician about to lecture on the League of Nations) and suspense over the city's destruction are cunningly interwoven.

The final picture of the town at sunrise, while Jonah, his curse unfulfilled, is left to take comfort in his faithful hand-maiden, Euodias, is beautifully staged and handled. Acting honours go to Joan White (Euodias) ; David Horne as an ungodly commercial traveller ; and Gillian Scaife as Nineveh's Lady Uplift. Edward Chapman, with his fine voice and dignity, makes Jonah a human and sympathetic figure. Molly MacArthur's blue sky-pieces and economical outlines are a delight to the eye.

TRINCULO.

# UP THE MOUNTAIN

## By Ralph Arnold

*Illustrated by James Short*

"GUTON morning," said Canon Modbury. Canon Modbury, although he thoroughly disliked and mistrusted foreign languages, was determined to make a special effort to please Herr Huber, and he could devise no method more satisfactory than the expedient of addressing the poor fellow in his native tongue. (Uttered with a studied benignity of tone, this strange pronouncement emphasised, as it were, the sympathetic co-operation of the Church Militant with the League of Nations.)

"Good morning, Reverend Sir," replied Herr Huber, to whom the English language presented, strangely enough, no difficulties at all, and upon whom the Canon's linguistic gesture was unfortunately wasted.

Herr Huber disliked Canon Modbury. It appeared to him curious that a man of middle-age and apparent sanity, after staying a month in Griesenau, could not even master correctly the German for "good morning." Moreover, from the first, the Canon had been distinctly tiresome over the question of Church of England services. Although, on his arrival, he had assured Herr Huber that absolute rest and quiet were essential to the enjoyment of his well-earned vacation, he had, nevertheless, from the first, made searching and protracted enquiries as to the whereabouts of the English church. Unfortunately, there was no English church in Griesenau. In answer to Canon Modbury's finely delivered protest, Herr Huber was only able to offer the rather distant hope that when the Gemeinderat had completed the projected system of town drainage they might possibly see their way to enhancing the amenities of their city by the erection of the requisite place of worship. Herr Huber had put the position very clearly and candidly before Canon Modbury, had emphasised the prior claim which the sanitary measures exercised upon the funds of the town, and had, as a great concession, suggested that the Canon might conduct a service on the following Sunday in the hotel writing-room. The Canon had been graciously pleased to accept this proposition, but had lost no time in reminding Herr Huber that Resident Chaplains invariably enjoyed substantially reduced terms.

Herr Huber was strongly of the opinion that it was time that Canon Modbury moved elsewhere. Also the Griersons and Mr. Woodville, and even the offensive Mr. Myrdale. It annoyed him that these English people should linger on in his hotel when the winter season was so obviously at an end and its summer equivalent still distant by a good month. Herr Huber desired a period for rest and recuperation, and this he was denied by the curious persistency with which the English insisted in ignoring the proper and established bounds of times and seasons. Indeed, it had been only with difficulty that he had brought himself to welcome, in his accustomed flowery and Anglican fashion, a certain Lady Gyllyat, who had arrived at the hotel on the previous evening.

"To-day," Canon Modbury relapsed with relief into English, "to-day I am organising a little expedition to make this perilous ascent in your, ah! curious little aerial railway!" Canon Modbury's tone intimated that, had such a mountain as graced the neighbourhood of Griesenau existed in England, English enterprise and good taste would certainly have scaled it with a sound, reasonable joint stock railway in place of the flimsy foreign article which, strangely enough, appeared to be the pride and delight of Herr Huber's heart.

"We will take our luncheon with us, Mr. Huber, if you please. Mr. Woodville, the Griersons and Mr. Myrdale are accompanying me."

"Ah, now! I wonder whether Lady Gyllyat would care to complete our little party?"

Canon Modbury beamed affably at the latest arrival, who was just crossing the hall on her way to a belated breakfast.

"You must excuse my addressing you like this, Lady Gyllyat, but we leave introductions at Dover, do we not?" Canon Modbury laughed heartily at his worldly little joke. "Besides," he went on, "surely I have heard dear old Dean Hobb mention your name?"

"Ah, really? Is that so? How very small the world is, is it not? To think that your husband is—was, oh, dear me, was—a first cousin of the dear old chap's."

"You can join us? Delightful, quite delightful. Yes, we propose to ascend this mountain of theirs—I forget its curious German name for the moment—in their odd little aerial railway. Quite a cheery little party; all English, of course."

"But I am afraid," and Canon Modbury looked carefully round the hall of the hotel and sunk his voice to a conspiratorial whisper, "I am afraid, dear Lady Gyllyat, that the Griersons, whom you will meet, are not quite, as the old Dean would put it, 'out of the top drawer,' but it would be so pointed, when the hotel is so empty, not to invite them; and besides, I always think that one should be broadminded when one travels."

Lady Gyllyat agreed that broadmindedness was essential to the enjoyment of foreign lands, and planned to meet the Canon in the hall at a quarter to twelve in order to be conducted to the Schwebebahn station.

BY twelve o'clock Canon Modbury's little party had all assembled at the station. The Canon himself was in jocular, holiday mood, a pair of white canvas tennis shoes peeped coyly out from beneath the folds of the black clerical trousers, and on his head was perched a speckly and ecclesiastical straw boater. "Mr. Woodville is getting the tickets," he assured Lady Gyllyat; "wonderful chap, Woodville, writes scientific books and positively speaks the lingo. Ah, now, let me introduce you to the Griersons, and this

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*He got no further, because Mrs. Grierson became hysterical*

is my young friend Myrdale "—but Mr. Myrdale's introduction was marred by a most unpleasant and disturbing incident. Canon Modbury was obliged to call Lady Gyllyat's attention very suddenly to a distant view and to interpose his considerable clerical bulk between her Ladyship and two natives of the place who happened to be passing the station on their way to ascend the mountain on foot. It was an exceedingly hot spring day, and the male inhabitants of Griesenau invariably adopt a sensible dress for mountaineering, consisting of shoes, stockings and shorts, and for the rest a very large expanse of their quite bare and exceedingly brown skin.

"Dear me," said Canon Modbury, in a pained aside to Mr. Grierson. "Dear me, how very dreadful. Well, well!"

"Just you cast your eye over those two specimens of the human race," said Mr. Woodville, who strolled up, as usual, just at the wrong moment, his stooping shoulders and oversized head making him look almost deformed. "Now, if you and I were to adopt that costume, Canon, we should look pretty silly."

"Mr. Woodville, Lady Gyllyat," said Canon Modbury coldly. Canon Modbury disliked Mr. Woodville; he always seemed so curiously un-English, almost a renegade.

"Here are your tickets, Canon," said Mr. Woodville.

"Danken Sie," said Canon Modbury, darkly, "Danken Sie."

Of course, it was extremely useful that Mr. Woodville had been able to deal with the man in the booking-office.

"What's the damage?" enquired Mr. Grierson in his rich, assertive voice. "No, no; I insist, people, my treat. The old firm can stand it, I expect." Mr. Grierson cheerfully rattled the coins in the pockets of his tightly stretched grey-flannel trousers.

Mrs. Grierson, battling unsuccessfully against giggles, whispered to her husband a humorous and entirely audible remark at the expense of Lady Gyllyat's hat, which certainly sat strangely perched upon that lady's unfashionably abundant hair.

The start being somewhat delayed, they hung about the station, Lady Gyllyat talking to Mr. Myrdale, who was very young and almost painfully shy.

Canon Modbury and Mr. Grierson continued to discuss, in nicely modulated tones, the question of the Griesenau natives. Mr. Grierson, who was a large, hearty person, and looked uncomfortably hot in his pink shirt with its stiff pink collar, was of the opinion there were officers to prevent that sort of thing happening in the Old Country—Mr. Grierson always referred to Great Britain as the Old Country, as if, by some strange geographical feat, his native land had been created and completed long before the rest of Europe had emerged from a shapeless imbroglio—Preventive Officers, Mr. Grierson was almost certain, existed in the Old Country for that very purpose. "And quite right, too," said Canon Modbury.

"Well, I hope my fat old Charley won't see any female natives going up the mountain," said little Mrs. Grierson, whose conversation was as bright and common as was her general appearance, and Charley Grierson affectionately squeezed her arm and told her not to be a silly little goose, and shook his head in good-humoured resignation towards Canon Modbury as if to intimate that his little bit of fluff, though sweetly affectionate, was a trifle flighty, and Canon Modbury nodded back in tacit and slightly condescending assumption that she would settle down, of course, with time.

It was certainly rather stupid of Charley Grierson, at this juncture, to inform the assembled company that the little cabin of the Schwebebahn reminded him of a picture he had seen, a short time back, of the gondola of an airship. It was a stupid thing to say, because both his wife and Canon Modbury, and even Mr. Woodville, had all read the story in the magazine which the Griersons had brought out with them from England, and which had found a subsequent resting-place in the lounge of the hotel. It had been a rather grim little tale of a party of people, cooped up together in a doomed airship, who for twenty minutes had awaited what they had believed to be inevitable death and destruction. Of course, in the magazine, the catastrophe had been miraculously averted, but the memory of its horrors gave little Mrs. Grierson the shudders, and she clung to her Charley's arm and declared that nothing in the whole world would induce her to make the ascent. Indeed, she was only reassured by Canon Modbury, who reminded her that they were, after all, in the keeping of a higher Power, and who spoke comfortingly, in the same breath, of the thickness of the steel cable.

Then the odious Mr. Woodville made things uncomfortable again by declaring at large that the author of the story in question did not know his job.

"Now, supposing we were faced with the immediate prospect of dissolution," he began, in his horrid, clear voice, which seemed, somehow, too strong to belong to his shrunken little person, "how do you suppose we should behave? Myrdale, what would you do? You'd have to do something, you know. Twenty minutes is a longish time."

"I don't know," said Colin Myrdale, "really, but I think I should try to think of things that I'd enjoyed, you know, before."

"And write a sonnet about them, eh?" Mr. Woodville laughed, much more pleasantly than usual, and Colin Myrdale blushed. His ardent writing in the lounge must have betrayed itself by its incurable inability, due to margins and irregular lines, to disguise itself as letters home.

"Tell you the truth," admitted Mr. Grierson, "I'd do the same myself, though I wouldn't write a what-you-me-call-it about it. You know, recollecting the smell of a nice

bit of pork, and remembering what a cork popping out sounded like. Eh, Ivy? Well, well!" Mr. Grierson became rather up-stage and heavy, "we've all had our innings, I suppose, and we should think of that when the time comes. Eh, Canon? Count the runs on the way back to the pavilion, and all that."

Little Mrs. Grierson, who did not seem to relish this conversation, clung on to her husband's arm. She had masses of canary-coloured hair which was in the process of growing long, and which, being in a kind of intermediate stage, welled out from under the back of her pink hat in an untidy, brightly-coloured cloud.

"Yes," said Canon Modbury, "Yes, very true. Many, alas! are granted less than twenty minutes in which to make their peace."

"And Lady Gyllyat?" said Mr. Woodville.

"I really can't imagine how I should behave," said Lady Gyllyat, and at this moment the conductor appeared and they all got into a little cabin which, from the outside, looked for all the world like an overgrown cigar-box pierced with windows. There were only two seats, which, by rights, Lady Gyllyat and Mrs. Grierson should have had, but, for some curious reason, Lady Gyllyat said that she would rather stand by one of the windows, so Canon Modbury sat heavily and thankfully down and placed a fat, podgy hand on either knee.

Then the conductor came up from some subterranean and mysterious depth, wiping his hands on a piece of waste cotton. He was a heavily built, blonde young man, and the coat of the blue serge ski-ing suit that he wore was open right down over his chest, showing only too clearly that it was worn next to his skin. He twisted the handle of the little telephone apparatus that was installed at his end of the cabin, shouted something into the mouthpiece, shuffled his heavy ski-ing boots on the flimsy-looking floor, pressed down a switch and they began to move.

GRADUALLY the town of Griesenau was left behind, and below there opened out, with surprising grandeur, a deep mountain gorge, complete with raging torrent and precipitous fir-clad rocks. The sight of this alarming manifestation of Nature, yawning, as it seemed, miles below them, caused Mrs. Grierson to utter a tiresome little scream of terror, half-genuine, half-affectation.

Even Canon Modbury, after glancing down, turned a little pale and played nervously with the large gilt cross which symmetrically decorated his ample front.

"Pathetic scenes at inquest," said Mr. Woodville cheerfully. "Celebrated cleric perishes in terrible catastrophe."

Canon Modbury reminded Mr. Woodville that such subjects did not lend themselves to humorous treatment.

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodville, who was apparently immune to snubs, "suppose we discuss something serious. Now, to continue what I was saying about that story. It's my contention that, under those circumstances, most people . . . ."—but, fortunately, his presumably loathsome contention was smothered at its source, this time by the noticeable checking in speed of the little cabin. Then it stopped altogether and started to sway gently sideways in the wind.

Inevitably Mrs. Grierson screamed and Mr. Grierson attempted to comfort her. Mr. Woodville spoke in German to the conductor, who was, at the same time, carrying on a conversation down the little telephone which formed part of the equipment of the cabin. When he had finished, he turned and said something to Mr. Woodville, shrugging his shoulders.

"What's the fool saying?" shouted Canon Modbury. "Why can't the man talk English? Woodville, what's the fool talking about? Why have we stopped like this? Is there any danger?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Woodville, "that it's rather a bad job. The electric current has failed—an explosion in the generating station it seems—and it's just a question of how long the cable can bear the stationary weight. We're swinging, too, you see."

The cabin certainly was swinging. Colin Myrdale, leaning out of the open window, wondered how soon he was going to be sea-sick. Below was the muddled mass of Griesenau, composed, it seemed, of little toy houses, scattered about the floor by an untidy child.

"Of course, we may move on in time," continued Mr. Woodville, "but, on the other hand, the conductor fears—it's only right that I should warn you. . . ."

He got no further, because Mrs. Grierson at once became hysterical. "We can't go like this," she screamed; "we can't, Charley, we can't, we can't. It's wickedness; we never ought to have done it; wicked, that's what it was, and now we're going."

Colin Myrdale found himself being reluctantly obliged to listen to a very explicit confession on the part of little Mrs. Grierson that things were not at all as they should be in the Grierson ménage.

Charley Grierson, usually unpleasantly ruddy, now a sickly yellow above the smart pink collar, did his best to comfort her.

"Of course we will," he kept saying, "directly we get down. We'll get going in no time. It's only an 'itch, only an 'itch in the machinery. Canon Modbury, 'e'll do it directly we get down. Canon Modbury, 'e'll do it, won't yer, Canon Modbury?"

But the Canon was sunk in a dejected heap on the floor, far too occupied with his own woes to pay the least attention to those of the lady who should have been, but apparently was not, Mrs. Grierson. In a voice which carried with it a terrible conviction, the Canon likened himself to, amongst other things, a miserable outcast, a worm and a wretched sinner.

Colin Myrdale found it all very disgusting, but he could not help gazing with something approaching fascination at the cowering figure on the floor. The behaviour of the Canon's hands especially intrigued him. Ever and anon clasped as in prayer, they seemed determined to break away, to go scrabbling along the boards.

It was not an edifying scene. At the far end of the cabin Mrs. Grierson, her bright little painted face terribly ravished by violent weeping, paid not the slightest attention to the stream of comforting assurances which poured out from between Charley Grierson's thick lips. Then, passing through a transition stage of gasping, hiccupping cries, the unhappy and apparently erring little creature took to screaming, which drowned, perhaps mercifully, alike the Canon's further protestations of extreme humility and the ominous warnings that his abject terror was about to produce an alarming physical manifestation.

Colin Myrdale looked round the cabin. Lady Gyllyat was leaning calmly against one of the open windows, apparently fully occupied in staring curiously at Mr. Woodville, whose sharp little darting eyes seemed to be devouring avidly the whole scene. The conductor stood impassively, the telephone receiver held to his ear.

Then the telephone bell rang, and a second or two later, with a little tremor, the cabin began to move forward again.

"Devil!" said Lady Gyllyat, leaning over and touching Mr. Woodville's shoulder; and then she laughed.

A quarter of an hour later the Canon and the Griersons began to walk down the mountain, having decided not to make use of their return tickets. It was obviously going to take them a considerable time, because Mrs. Grierson was still very upset, and Mr. Grierson's collar was rather too tight for walking, and the Canon's tennis shoes would persist in slipping on the short, dry grass.

The horrors of the occurrence having been satisfactorily put down by Mr. Grierson to the inherent flimsiness of foreign materials and workmanship, and their miraculous escape duly laid by Canon Modbury to the credit of a Higher Power, they discussed the topic of the curious conduct of Mr. Woodville and Lady Gyllyat.

"And then she walked off arm-in-arm with him," sniffed Mrs. Grierson.

"Thoroughly deserved the term, I'll be bound," said Mr. Grierson. "Improper advances as likely as not," he added darkly.

"And them likely to be his last moments," said Mrs. Grierson, "And then the old scarecrow walks off with him. Disgusting!"

"Dreadful," said Canon Modbury, who was having protracted trouble with the slippery grass, "quite dreadful. I only regret that I was incapacitated, partially incapacitated, that is, by that nasty attack of vertigo. I might have done something for him. Indeed, I reproach myself," added the Canon, with honest candour; "upon my soul, dear friends, I reproach myself. Yet I trust that I did what little lay within my powers."

"Of course you did, Canon, you were splendid, an example to us all," said Mr. Grierson, who had not the slightest idea what the Canon had or had not done during the lurid five minutes.

"Poor sinners, they were sadly unprepared," sighed the Canon; "but you two, you were indeed splendid, both of you."

"Of course, the wife was a bit upset," admitted Mr. Grierson. "That's the Consulate, that green house over there among the trees," whispered Mr. Grierson, as Canon Modbury was carried by his agile tennis shoes momentarily out of earshot; "they'll do it there all right, and the Canon needn't know. Civil, you know, like a Registrar."

"Well, I think," said Canon Modbury, as he slowly and painfully regained the path, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on the way in which we faced what must come to us all one day, and we may only be thankful," and the Canon's voice assumed that ring of emotion which invariably characterised the finer of his pulpit utterances, "we may only be thankful that our erring brothers were spared that for which they were so lamentably——"

The Canon almost certainly would have characterised the state of mind of the erring brothers as "lamentably unprepared" had not the white tennis shoes once more played him false.

Colin Myrdale, coming down alone in the Schwebebahn, later in the day, patiently attempted to reconstruct his own sensations during the five minutes. But, being an honest young man, he was quickly obliged to confess to himself that a feeling of shocked disgust, coupled with an unpleasantly clammy sensation of impending sea-sickness, had predominated in his mind, to the entire exclusion of other and more interesting sensations. From a literary point of view, he decided, the experience had been disappointing.

Yet it supplied the material for the best part of a chapter in Mr. Woodville's *Reactions of Personalities* and a certain diocesan magazine was enriched by an article from the facile pen of Canon Modbury, entitled "Facing Death."

Dean Hobb was much struck by the delightfully reticent account of the spiritual comfort which its author had been able to confer upon those less happily prepared to meet their end. Indeed, he showed the little article to his Cousin Julia when she brought the strange little writer whom she was proposing to marry to luncheon at the Deanery.

"Well, I am glad we apologised so nicely to the poor Myrdale boy," was Lady Gyllyat's sole and surprising comment, and Mr. Woodville, in order to bridge over the ensuing pause in the conversation, and stroking his chin reflectively with his long, pale fingers, explained to the Dean how extremely useful his future wife's intimate knowledge of German would prove to him in the researches necessary for his work.

"Well, I really wish," said the Dean, in no way to be baulked, "that I had invited Canon Modbury to meet you."

R. A.

# The Air League and Propaganda

## By Capt. C. E. Ward

*The Christmas mail of 1932: Loading half a ton of letters despatched by Imperial air-mail from England to Africa, which will reach Kenya in seven and South Africa in ten days. Passengers are carried in addition*

*Gliding camps in Germany are conducted all the year round, and our picture shows a pupil making his first flight. The London Gliding Club is in camp at Dunstable for soaring practice until January 4th, with Herr Wolf Hirth, a well-known German expert, as instructor*

### *The Cape Record*

GIVEN perfect weather throughout the flight, Mrs. Mollison says that the journey to Cape Town or back could be made in 3½ days, using a Puss Moth or a machine of similar horse-power and speed. As the distance by West Coast route is more than 6000 miles, this would mean flying almost without sleep, and it seems hardly worth while for anyone to undertake the task of lowering the record which she has established in such magnificent style. That it will be beaten in time there is no doubt, but, meanwhile, nothing can dim the admiration which is felt for her pluck and determination. The worst stage of the double journey was from Duala in the Cameroons to Loanda on the way South, which she flew by night through heavy rainstorms, being driven far out to sea on several occasions in trying to avoid the worst of the downpour and then being uncertain of regaining the coast, defined by the line of surf from the Atlantic breakers in clear weather. The difficulties of blind flying in a storm were accentuated in her case by the fact that the instrument-board was not lit by lamps; instead, she relied on luminous dials, and found it a great strain to concentrate after several hours without a landmark or a horizon. Other pilots experience more or less difficulty under such circumstances, according to their power of concentration, nervous reaction, and a hundred and one factors impossible to catalogue, but of one thing Mrs. Mollison had no doubt—her training in blind flying at the A.S.T. School at Hamble proved invaluable during this journey. No pilot who has not taken a course of instrument work with his head under the bag should attempt a long-distance flight against time.

### *The Air League*

UNDER the chairmanship of Major-General J. E. B. Seely, the Air League Committee has been reconstituted, and there seems a good chance that this organisation will now take its proper place in the scheme of Empire aviation. The League's value is largely political, but without being tied to any party. It should be a centre for propaganda to the public, and a source of information from which Members of Parliament can draw reliable data to ask questions in the House. Its revival from a state of comparative inactivity is due to the efforts of Captain F. E. Guest, who remains on the Committee as Deputy-Chairman. Each of the two senior bodies, the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Royal Aero Club, has nominated members to serve on the committee. Mr. Griffith Brewer, who was flying before the beginning of the present century, and Mr. Lawrence Wingfield, the Clerk to the Guild of Air Pilots, will represent the Society, Lord Gorell and Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., the Club.

### *A London Gliding Camp*

FROM Monday last until Wednesday next, January 4th, the London Gliding Club is in camp on Dunstable Downs with the idea of training, in cross-country flying, members who have progressed far enough to soar and land on top of the hills. This can only be done by taking advantage of the clouds and learning how to use thermals, so that one may leave the hillsides to cross valleys and flat country. Herr Wolf Hirth, chief instructor at Grunau, which is one of the principal German schools, and a leading exponent of soaring flight in the United States, is conducting the course. Here is a good opportunity to watch an expert in the art of flying as practised by the birds. All types of craft are available, from elementary gliders and two-seaters to soaring sailplanes of the Professor class. Accommodation in Dunstable is extremely cheap, and fees for the course are on a scale of a guinea a day, with a minimum of two guineas, which includes meals as well as cover for damage to the gliders whilst these are being flown according to the regulations.

### *It's Low, But Not Wild, Flying*

AT Hanworth, there is to be a party on New Year's Eve, with the usual novelties, plus an oyster and champagne bar. Dinner is at 8 o'clock and dancing will continue until 1.30 a.m. An up-to-date radio-gramophone has been installed in the ballroom, and it is proposed to resume dances at tea-time on Saturdays and Sundays. Pylon-racing is being revived with the Lowe-Wylde light 'plane, fitted with a six horse-power engine, a number of well-known pilots having agreed to take part in a Meeting to be held some time during the Christmas holidays. I hope to report results next week, not so much those of the races themselves, but of the general behaviour of these very light machines under exacting conditions, together with the opinions of the experts who fly them. If this development of a small, cheap and safe machine is a success, it means that flying will be available to thousands of people who have to be content at the moment with gliding or an occasional joy-ride. The Bristol and Wessex Club has been offering advanced dual instruction in blind flying, forced landings, and cross-country to its qualified pilot members, at the low rate of 35s. an hour.

*Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme*

# "Steel Shaft" has an Air Shot: The Year in Retrospect

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE is a disaster! "Steel Shaft" has missed the ball, or the post, rather, and there 's no Open Letter arrived by the time you will want it to go to press, but this gives me the opportunity to review the year 1932. What, trying to be chronological, do I remember about women's golf in 1932?

LONDON Foursomes first, I suppose, and some very perfect golf played by Miss Jean Forsyth and sound support from Mrs. Bott, which was quite unavailing against Miss Rudgard and Miss Wilson, representing the Lady Golfers' Club. You know, I never quite feel the Lady Golfers' Club ought to be allowed to enter for these sort of things. It isn't a golf club with its own course on its own doorstep. However, no doubt the right pair won, and if I 've called them Miss Rudgard and Miss Wilson instead of the other way round, it 's because Miss Wilson openly and generously said that it was her partner who did the lion's share.

THE Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's? Never have I been so cold or seen so many shivering players. If ever I am driven to drink it will be the Northern Foursomes which have done it—and Mr. Pym Williamson can take that as a compliment to the delicate brews he sent out to the first tee. And isn't it dreadful that I 've put down these before ever mentioning Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Barbour! They did play such good golf, too, before they won. Ranelagh? Miss Diana Fishwick's record 66; Mrs. Clarke's and Mrs Garon's Spring Medal Foursome win at St. George's Hill; the horrors of the International Match at Wentworth, which still make one shudder. Those awful three foursomes lost to America, so that it was no good our winning the singles 3½ to 2½! Ugh, what a nightmare! Let 's forget it and think of dear Saunton. We had our nightmares there, especially after Miss Orcutt won the score competition. I shall always remember the sort of sigh of relief that went up after each American was beaten. Not because we didn't love to have them at Saunton, but because, after Wentworth, we really did want to hold on to the Championship. Miss Wilson's second shot to the 16th, against Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, the little putts she missed against Mrs. Cheney at the 9th and 10th, and the grand three with which she rallied her forces at the 11th—those things stand out above all others, together with Miss Van Wie's face of horror when she could not get out of the hollow at the 19th against Miss Tolhurst, and the persistent way Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery went through to the final.

AFTER Saunton, Cruden, Lady Alness's and Miss Leethem's win of the Scottish Foursomes, and the glorious hot sun and the cool air and twenty-three holes of a final, before Mrs. Holm beat Mrs. Coats in the Scottish Championship. Then the Girls', an American menace again nipped in the bud by Miss Jessie Anderson, herself nipped at the 19th by Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, and Miss Aline de Gunzbourg at the 19th by Miss Pauline Doran, Girl Champion for the third time running. Then Ashdown, Cheshire's win, Miss Fishwick's win, Miss Brown's fresh access of fame as a grand fighter. Ranelagh, with the greens perfect, as in the old days, and a win for Mrs. V. G. Davies and Miss Mary Lake. And then Worplesdon, the disappointment over no Mr. Bernard Darwin, and the simply grand golf Mr. Oppenheimer played in his place as Miss Wethered's partner, so that there were a great many moments in the early stages when he was the mainstay of the side. And then a scurry up to Brocton Hall for more Mixed Foursomes there, with Miss Fishwick and Mr. Andrew McNair winning the final after being five down and seventeen to go. Then Addington's win of the *Star* on a glorious day at Wentworth.

Those are the main recollections. I wonder what I 've left out! England's win from France and Miss Fishwick's win of the French. How awful of me to forget those very important items. But I must plead that I didn't see either, being in Scotland at the time, so that my eye-witness mind didn't quite focus them as sharply as all the other things. The French Championship is a big thing nowadays. That and the English together, and her win of the Single in the American match, seem to me to make it pretty clear that Miss Fishwick has come back into her own this year. Of course, Miss Wilson has first place in the honours list. She has played practically no competition golf, but all that she has, on this side of the Atlantic—the London Foursomes, her Singles against America at Wentworth, and the Open Championship at Saunton—have been hers. If only the wretched little putts had gone down for her in America, I suppose she 'd have had that title as well.

*The Golf Ball Hit*

***Mrs. and Mr. Garnham, Mrs. Fell Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Fell Clarke at the Golf Ball in aid of St. Mory's Hospital. Mrs. Fell Clarke and Mrs. Miller were the Strohmenger sisters***

*Photographs by Sasha*

*In Stockinged Feet*

***Mrs. Alec Gold competing in the Bogey Golf Tutor Competition at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, given in aid of the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital. Mrs. Gold took the competition so seriously that she removed her shoes to secure a firm stance***

IT 's been a year of economy, of course; people haven't played the amount of competition golf that they used to play. At least, it hasn't been the same people playing it. A certain number have carried their own clubs, and eaten picnic lunches in their own cars, and some others have stopped away altogether from open meetings. But there seem to have been more open meetings, and the season simply stretches longer and longer at both ends, until it looks as if, some day, the ends would meet. To which I hear a voice beside me saying, "Heaven forbid!"

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

*Books of the Week*

# The Boswell Riddle: "By Ericus"

"JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ., OF AUCHINLECK" (Johnson's Boswell, to reverse the usual order of things) is surely the most paradoxical figure in the history of biography. When we consider him in the light of his original writings, we realise that he was almost entirely lacking in creative literary ability, while qualified opinion of his talents is such as to render it a matter for astonishment that he produced a work of any value at all, let alone the finest biography in existence. The pendulum of public opinion has, it is true, occasionally swung so violently in the opposite direction as to make of Boswell a monument of misunderstood genius and pathetic devotion. But most authorities appear to incline towards Macaulay's verdict on him: "Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. . . . He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, because he was a dunce, a parasite and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal."

"JAMES BOSWELL," by C. E. Vulliamy (Geoffrey Bles; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is the latest contribution to the discussion, and a most erudite and entertaining contribution it is. For Mr. Vulliamy has given us not only an exhaustive study of Boswell's character, but also a vivid description of the times in which he lived—he draws, for instance, an admirable picture of a Shakespearean Masque at Stratford-on-Avon—together with intimate portraits of many of the notabilities of Boswell's day, including Voltaire, Rousseau, Garrick, Pasquali Paoli, the Corsican revolutionary leader, and, of course, Samuel Johnson. With Macaulay's estimate, Mr. Vulliamy is in qualified disagreement. Macaulay allowed Boswell no element either of virtue or ability. Mr. Vulliamy argues that "no such man could have been so well received by those who were eminent, learned, or witty"—Boswell was admitted a member of the Literary Club, "the most brilliant intellectual society of London"—and that he certainly could never have become the intimate friend of Johnson ("It is difficult to see how those who imagine Boswell to have been a mere fool can explain this, unless they imagine Johnson was a fool as well"). Mr. Vulliamy, in fact, claims that Boswell's talents were those of a superlatively fine journalist. "Though never," he says, "in the academic sense a great writer, and in no sense a great thinker, Boswell possessed literary abilities of peculiar brilliance, with a unique gift for presenting real character in dialogue." Mr. Vulliamy admits, however, that Boswell's literary ability is obvious only when he is observing and recording, and practically negligible when he tries to reflect or moralise.

THE queer complexities of Boswell's personal character, his incessant drunkenness and debauchery, varied by periods of spiritual abasement, his intense self-absorption and his congeniality, his kindness of heart and his literary brutalities, can be explained, Mr. Vulliamy thinks, only by the theory that his original lack of mental stability was so aggravated by his career of self-indulgence that, for the greater part of his life, he was constantly hovering on the border-line of insanity.

All true Johnsonians—and others—will find this book a welcome and distinguished addition to their shelves.

*Kay Vaughan*

***Miss Comfort Borden-Turner***

***Is a daughter of Mary Borden (Mrs. Spears), the well-known novelist. Miss Turner has come back from a long trip in America, and is now a member of the staff of the publishing house of Heinemann's***

IN his preface to *Private Views: Reminiscences of a Wandering Nobleman* (Hurst and Blackett; 12*s.* 6*d.*), the Vicomte de Mauduit states that he has never kept a diary in his life. One can only stand amazed at such a memory, for the Vicomte appears to have met, during the past thirty years, almost every person of note in England, France, America, and even Turkey. Thus, instead of employing the ordinary sequence of a biography, he has divided his book into chapters with categorical titles: Chapter I., Kings, Princes and Governors; Chapter II.: The Men Who Made Flying; Chapter VI.: Politicians and Generals of the War; Chapter VIII.: Magnates; and so on. As there are also chapters on, among others, Napoleons of Finance, Scientists and Inventors, Kidnappers, Actors and Actresses, and Night-Club Queens, you will obtain some idea of the diversity of the Vicomte's acquaintance, although so arbitrary a system of classification has manifest disadvantages. It is, perhaps, difficult to agree with some of the author's arguments and conclusions, notably his verdict that "flying will never become a real commercial proposition, except for emergency passenger work, mails and advertising," a strangely lukewarm estimate from one of flying's earliest devotees. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Blériot made his famous Channel flight in order to appease a long-suffering Calais hotel-keeper, who had threatened to impound the machine unless his bill was paid!

*Kay Vaughan*

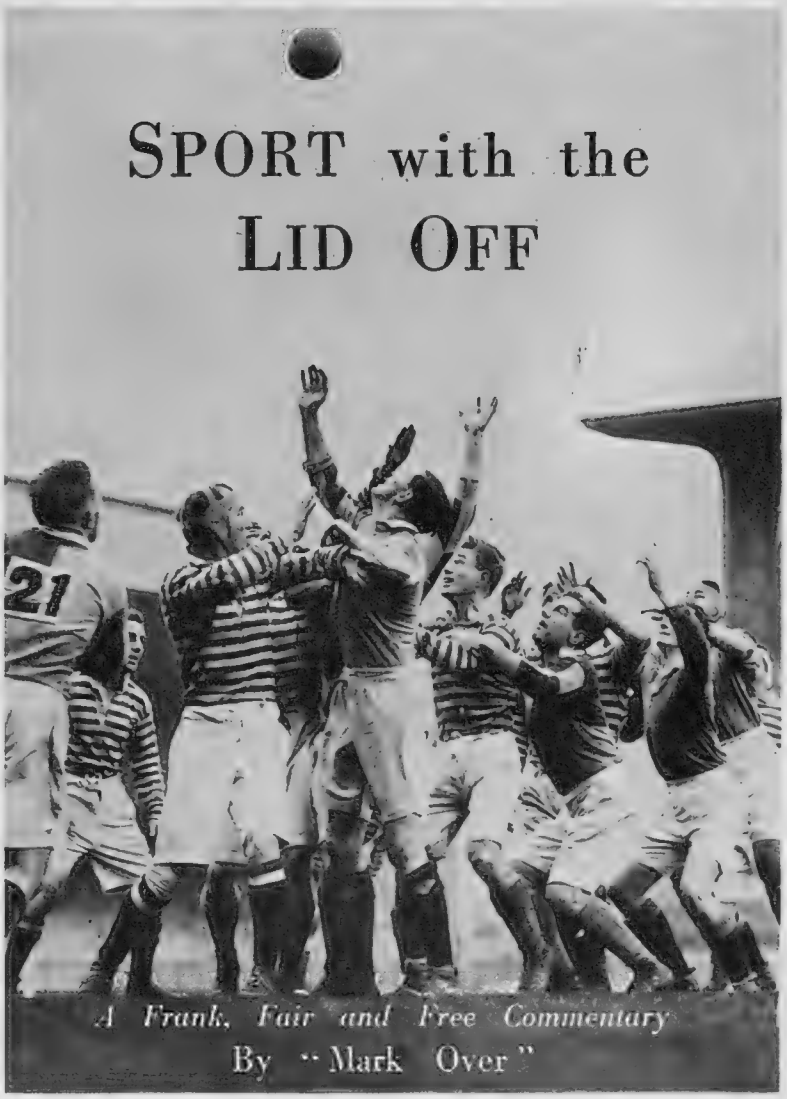
***Mr. Leslie A. Paul***

***Is the author of "Fugitive Morning," recently published, and of a play, "The Devil Brews Punch," which may be produced in London in the near future. Mr. Paul went to Russia last year with the Co-operative delegation, and is the leader of an English Youth Movement***

THOSE unfortunates who missed reading *Explorers of the Dawn*, by Mazo de la Roche, when it was first published ten years ago, may now make good the deficiency, for here is a new edition by Macmillan at 7*s.* 6*d.* There can seldom have been, in all literature, three more delightful children than Angel, John, and the Seraph, whose quaint humour and sturdy philosophy melt the heart even of so "Gamp-like" a governess as Mrs. Handsomebody. The daily round is invested by these three musketeers with all the qualities of high romance and swashbuckling enterprise.

This is a book that reveals on every one of its pages the discernment of the true child-lover.

# SPORT with the LID OFF




*Left: The ball goes high in a line-out during the match between the Harlequins and Birkenhead Park, at Twickenham, which the London side won by eighteen points to Birkenhead's five*

We begin the New Year with considerable activity in the sporting world: the second Test Match; various important boxing shows; the final Wales and England Rugby football trials, and so on. I'm glad, incidentally, that D. R. Jardine has spoken his mind about this leg-theory bugaboo, which is bound to arise again when Larwood and Voce get to work the day after to-morrow. As Jardine pointed out, the leg-theory ramp originated in the Australian papers; it originated, moreover, though Jardine did not say this, simply because the Australians have no Gregorys or Macdonalds to exploit the leg theory themselves against England. If Australia had bowlers who could successfully emulate the methods of Larwood and Voce, we should certainly have heard nothing about the dangers of bowling at the leg stump. There is nothing new—and Jardine rightly emphasised this—in attacking the leg stump, and for Australians to pretend that this form of attack is a menace to the future of cricket is the height of absurdity.

It is, to my mind, a great pity that the Australian critics should have taken this line; they would have done much better to admit that the standard of Australian cricket at present is obviously not what it was, though youngsters like McCabe have shown that they can deal with the leg or any other theory competently enough.

As a matter of fact—and here, I know, I stand to be shot at—the whole argument is merely another indication that our modern attitude towards International games is all wrong. So keen is the rivalry between countries at various kinds of sport nowadays that, invariably, disputes arise, and I think, myself, that, on the whole, more harm than good is done by Test Matches and such like.

I am reactionary enough to wish that each country would be left in peace to play its own games, though I'm afraid we have passed beyond the stage when games can be played simply for enjoyment. Sport is so thoroughly commercialised that the old standards of value have vanished, and we are left with a series of business enterprises supported in the newspapers by an elaborate system of ballyhoo.

Not that the ballyhoo is always successful: I note, by the way, that the county cricket clubs are still in serious trouble. Surrey made a small profit last summer, but Lancashire lost nearly £2000, and Essex have had to make special appeals to their supporters in order to pay the winter wages of the staff. Most of the counties, in fact, are still seeking for ways of making economies, and the outlook for county cricket cannot be said to be bright.

There is, however, one professional sport which seems likely to flourish in the coming months, and that is heavy-weight boxing. We shall have Young Stribling and Don McCorkindale in England shortly to stir up our big men: on Friday, Jack Petersen meets Schonrath at Cardiff, and both Cook and Gains are flinging out challenges left and right.

Petersen should beat Schonrath; I have seen him in training, and he is shaping excellently. He has undoubtedly thickened out a bit, and that right-hand punch of his appears to be more vicious than ever. I imagine that there may be a match arranged between Petersen and Stribling, though, to my mind, Stribling knows rather too much about the game to make a suitable opponent for the relatively inexperienced Petersen yet awhile.

Then there is Gains's offer to take on Petersen, Cook, Meen, Doyle and Pettifer in successive weeks, an offer which will not, I think, be accepted. Gains would beat Doyle, Pettifer and Meen without much trouble, and his physical advantages might carry him through against Cook, but Petersen would give him a run for his money.

It is interesting to find that Meen is now accepted again as a potential challenger for the British heavy-weight title, but I must confess that he doesn't impress me very much. He might beat the raw Doyle, though I hear that Doyle, after a certain amount of jibbing, has agreed to go over to Descamps, at La Guerche, to learn the rudiments of his trade. It is good to have these British heavy-weights about after so many lean years, despite the fact that none of them as yet has really convinced us that he has any considerable chance of winning a world's championship.

Finally, billiards. Did you see the Test Match—England v. Australasia—between Davis and Newman on the one hand, and Lindrum and McConachy on the other? Quite an interesting affair, and an attempt to stimulate interest in a game which at present is completely overshadowed by the wizard Lindrum. The trouble is that Lindrum's amazing skill places him in a class by himself, and when we can see Lindrum, the Newmans and Davises don't count. And then there is the further complication that any match between Lindrum and another player is a farce, because Lindrum is so much better than his opponent that the game loses all its zest and purpose.

A pity, but the fact remains that Lindrum has made the lot of professional billiards promoters extremely hard. The public like to see a fight.

*All entries for* The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* The Bystander *for the current week. Coupons must be attached to the cards and addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

*Martell's*
*Cordon Bleu*

# CARS with a Personality

## *The Austin "Seven" de Luxe Saloon*

By The Earl of Cardigan

*An unusual front view, showing the neat radiator design and the unusual width of the doors of this 7 h.p.*

THE 7-h.p. Austin is undoubtedly one of those cars which may be classed as the "hardy annuals" of motoring. By this I mean that it has won for itself a permanent place in the practical motorist's estimation, and that it can be marketed year after year, with slight improvements and additions, in the certainty of being well received, and of satisfying a popular demand.

Such cars, of course, are invariably those which have come to be associated with some particular form or class of motoring. Where 7-h.p. cars are concerned, it is certainly difficult to carry on any conversation or discussion without mentioning the name of Austin. "You know; cars of the Baby Austin type."—The phrase is both easy and natural.

This year, however, the popular "Seven" may claim to have done more than merely reproduce itself with the usual few minor improvements. Among other interesting features, it is now equipped with a highly efficient four-speed gear-box. Unquestionably, this represents a very great advance. The third gear is not particularly high, but it is a thoroughly useful ratio, and the new second gear can be employed for all very low-speed work, leaving "first" for starting purposes only.

Although the car is so small, accommodation is not unreasonably cramped, and even a six-foot driver can make himself adequately comfortable. The controls are all conveniently placed, and my only criticism is that the clutch pedal, having a travel of not more than one inch, demands a little skill before it can be manipulated perfectly.

The back seat similarly, although obviously not of luxurious dimensions, does actually provide seating space for two full-grown people. What is more, it provides head-room, which is comparatively rare in the back seats of small cars. This, to my mind, is one of the Austin's very good points. When it calls itself a "four-seater," it means than four people can definitely sit in it; not—as in some cases—that it can be made to hold, with difficulty, two people, one child and a dog!

The same common-sense principles have obviously been applied to the car's performance. At speed, the little engine turns over briskly enough, but it does not indulge in frantic "revs." in the thankless endeavour to gain an extra mile or two per hour. The maximum speed is approximately 50 m.p.h.—which is probably 5-10 m.p.h. faster than the average owner desires to go—and this can be achieved quite comfortably, without undue vibration or apparent "fussiness."

THE springing is notably good, and the steering pleasant and effective. The brakes, for so small a car, seem a trifle heavy, but they are very powerful and smooth, both hand- and foot-brakes acting upon all four wheels. In short, here is a thoroughly practical and lively little car, selling, of course, at a very moderate price. The ordinary saloon costs £115, and the Saloon de Luxe, with a sliding roof, £10 more

*Above: Smart, but thoroughly practical, are the new Austin "Sevens." This saloon model is actually more roomy than many cars of considerably higher power*

*The engine is a thoroughly sturdy little unit, capable of turning over at high speeds, without disagreeable vibration*

*The controls are well placed, and the neatly grouped instruments leave room for a large and useful cubby-hole, as will be seen above*

*Left: The back seat is not unduly cramped, and is easily accessible, thanks to the very wide doors and folding front seats*

*The Doggy World*

# Have a Heart!

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS is the time of Peace and Good Will on earth, and if these words appear to be meaningless with the world in the state that it is, there is no reason why we shouldn't try to make it come true in a minor degree in our small corner of the universe. There was a verse that I was taught as a child, which I can't quite remember, but it was something about "let a little candle shine, you in your small corner, I in mine."

Well, there is no reason why, if one is really devoted to animals, one shouldn't try to do something for them round about this time of year. There are plenty of charities which would say "thank you" for ever such a little bit of help, and it certainly makes one's heart feel "warm" round Christmastime if one has given something definite to make some animal happy. You can make an animal and its owner happy if you give something to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, 14, Clifford Street, for this society caters for people who are too poor to afford veterinary advice for their poor beasts.

*Well-Bearded*

*Shaoraha of Schoolshill is a fine Kerry Blue, and belongs to Miss P. Parry. He belongs to a breed of well-deserved popularity*

IF you give something to Our Dumb Friend's League, 72, Victoria Street, you can say what you want to do with it. You can earmark it for an extra Christmas delicacy at feeding-time if you like, or it can go to the Dog's Home at Battersea. Oh, there are a hundred and one ways in which the smallest contribution can be used.

One of the most practical ways is to make your dog a Tail-Wagger, if he isn't one already. It only costs you 5s., and you receive innumerable advantages, besides helping to swell the funds for animal charities. If your dog is a Tail-Wagger and he manages to enrol twenty-four new members, he can become a Tail-Wagger Serjeant, and then he is a proud dog indeed, for he has a Serjeant's badge, silvered and enamelled. You can enrol him as a Tail-Wagger by writing to The Tail-Wagger's Club, 21-22, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

You might find somebody in your neighbourhood who loves his dog, and, owing to these hard times, is not able to pay the licence. There is a kind and practical action ready and waiting to be performed, and such a cheap one too, yet one which will make two hearts happy for twelve whole months.

At any rate, do let's try to do something definite for the animals at this time of year, so that on New Year's Day our hearts may be free from reproach. I know there is not much money about; I know the Income-Tax returns are pouring in; I know we have to pay the American Debt, but one can always squeeze something out of the leanest purse if one makes up one's mind. After all, can't you make "do" with that pair of gloves even if they are a bit shabby? Can't you exist wtihout seeing that new film? Ah, do! and take as your reward the happiness of some animal, which probably owes its unhappiness to some member of the human race. In this case, we are responsible for the sins of our neighbours.

Come on! Have a heart!

# Greyhound Racing:

By "White Citizen"

AN interesting appointment has been made to the post of Kennel Manager to the Greyhound Racing Association tracks in Edinburgh. I. McCorkindale, the popular and successful Harringay trainer, has been given charge of the kennels which are the home of the dogs that race at Powderhall and at Marine Parade. He will find himself taking over extremely up-to-date kennels, for these have just been completed in the grounds of Dalkeith Palace. I saw these kennels myself not so long ago, when they were in course of construction, and I was deeply impressed. They form a miniature Northaw, and in time will contain all the ingenious arrangements which have been made for the comfort and well-being of the dogs at Northaw. There is no doubt that the expression, "a dog's life" will certainly soon come to convey a very different meaning from that at present understood by the saying, for the Greyhound Racing Association is certainly doing its utmost to provide for the health, comfort, and cleanliness of the dogs put under its charge.

McCORKINDALE has been very successful as a trainer on the Harringay track, and some of his dogs have achieved great things, not merely at Harringay, but also in open races on other tracks. He has rightly earned for himself the reputation of being one of the best of trainers, if not the very best, and his appointment to Edinburgh should give cause for much satisfaction to those who own dogs in that city. He should do well in his new job, and no doubt he will appreciate this return to his own country.

The kennels vacated at Northaw by McCorkindale have been taken over by Melville, who came down from Manchester for this purpose, and Melville has enjoyed a good show of success straight away. In his first week, out of his twenty-four runners he scored six victories, and was placed on four other occasions. One of his dogs, Biffen, in this first week, set up a new Tote record, for a dividend of £2 12s. 6d. was paid out for every 2s. unit in the Belper Stakes. This was Biffen's second appearance at Harringay, and his victory was scored from the outside trap. The previous dividend record at Harringay was set up by Broc the Badger, trained by Bullock, for in March last a dividend of £2 11s. 6d. was declared. It is of interest to note that this record was also set up a few days after this trainer took over a range of kennels at Northaw.

BUT it is not only at Harringay that very fine prices have been paid by the Tote on successful dogs. Statistics, covering totalisator doubles at the White City recently, show that several handsome dividends were paid out, the smallest during the thirteen meetings of last November being £1 2s. 3d. for a 2s. unit. The best dividend recently paid was the useful sum of £9 5s. 6d., which was declared when Widow's Cruise and Fancy Billy won the third and fifth races respectively, and at the previous meeting the dividend passed the £9 mark as well. The average for the month of November worked out at £4 2s. 3d. per meeting, which is a small matter of over 40 to 1 against! Little wonder that patrons both of the White City and Harringay enjoyed using the Tote more and more.

*What Was Once Gay at Harringay*

*The "tote" indicator at Harringay, which has been pronounced illegal but will doubtless come into its own again. It features in "A Kingdom for Sixpence," Anthony Asquith's new film*

By Appointment.

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# The Gentle Art of Being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

"PROTECTION"—NON-POLITICAL!

*A Toilet Lotion which is tonic, protective, cleansing, and emollient.*

One hesitates to make too many claims for any one toilet preparation for fear of defeating the object of advocacy. No preparation in the world is a panacea to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor can its action be magically immediate, but it so happens that this lotion—I would prefer to call it a milk—by its basic action, which is to strengthen the epidermal surface of the skin, obviates the ill-effects of wind and weather, thereby acting as a tonic and protective agent, while certain of its ingredients are bland and emollient, and it can be used to cleanse and cool the complexion, so that its action is exceptionally comprehensive.

The toilet preparation I have in mind is Beetham's "La-rola." The chief causes of skin trouble during the winter months are climatic. The skin is subjected to extremes of temperature, to wind, to engriming fog, and if it is at all sensitive, the reactions are harmful. Roughness and chapping result from exposure to cold and winds, subsequent flushing, burning and irritation are likely when one comes into heated rooms. The pores, thus falsely activated, as one may say, often become clogged, either with native secretions or the dirt with which the air in towns is laden The use of creams may, in some cases, exaggerate this evil

"La-rola" is a refreshing, milky lotion. Its primary action is to strengthen the surface of the skin, making it less sensitive and finer in texture, at the same time it cleanses the pores and leaves the complexion feeling cool, fresh and soft.

It is peculiarly adapted to English skins and English conditions, and has, in fact, been a toilet accessory of acknowledged efficacy for over fifty years in this country.

Since "La-rola" refines the surface of the skin as well as softening it, it is equally useful as a hand lotion, and, used after washing, will prevent hard water and cold weather from causing redness and roughness, or will cure these conditions if they have already supervened.

To make full use of this conveniently versatile preparation one should use it at night and in the morning as a cleansing lotion, carefully removing all dirt and cosmetics with a pad of cotton-wool steeped in "La-rola." The last application may be removed with a soft tissue, or, if a heavier make-up is desired, it can be left to dry on. "La-rola" makes an ideal base for powder. After its use the skin feels cool and fresh and has actually been strengthened and armed against the "slings and arrows of outrageous" weather! After washing, "La-rola" should be well massaged into the backs of the hands and the fingers: to make the finger-tips soft and smooth, they should be steeped in a little "La-rola" poured into a small saucer. During manicure, it is also useful to soften the cuticle and prevent it from splitting.

"La-rola" is the lotion for sensitive skins, which predominate in England, and its presence is equally appropriate in the nursery and in the sophisticated woman's dressing-room. It is always useful to know of a toilet preparation which conveniently combines the qualities of emollient and tonic and, without making extravagant claims, it is obvious that a skin that is kept healthy and supple and does not suffer the evil effects of chapping and flushing is less likely to become dry and wrinkled.

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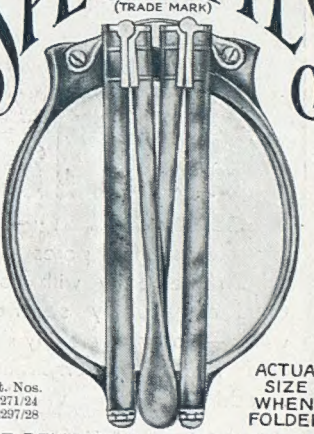

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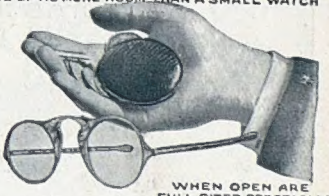

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Bertram Park

*Mrs. Francis Keir Balfour, née Miss Katherine Dolby, wore a lovely white velvet wedding gown, designed for her by Russell and Allen. The wedding veil of Brussels lace is a family heirloom*

# The Editor's Box

*They Tell You Where and Why*

Three books of reference, which are quite invaluable to the busy man and woman, are published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd.

*The Royal Blue Book* is unique of its kind, for besides information about the Royal Households, the Government, Embassies, Public Offices, etc., it contains names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the inhabitants of private houses in the central residential districts of London, arranged alphabetically and according to streets. It can be bought for *7s. 6d.*

The first edition of the *Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* was published in 1875, called *The Upper Ten Thousand*, and was less than a third of the size of the fifty-ninth edition, now published at 30*s.* Everyone who has a claim to distinction and note is in the *Handbook*, with a biography, address, and telephone number (if any), and Members of Parliament can be found under their own names or under their constituencies in alphabetical lists.

Finally, the *Post Office London Directory* (price 55*s.*) deals with London according to streets, according to the names of the residents therein, and according to professions and trades. Separate sections are devoted to special information, from Parliamentary, banking, and postal arrangements, to a list of parking places.

It is full of interest for the curious and the London-lover, containing as it does the romance of the dying past as well as the brisk facts of the present.

# The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

*AN AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER*

LOBSTER À L'AMÉRICAINE

*

MAYONNAISE OF FOWL OR GAME

CHESTNUT SALAD

*

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

*

CANAPÉS OF HAM

*

CAFÉ

*Lobster à l'Américaine*

CUT up about 1½ cupsful of fresh lobster. Put into a stewpan one heaped tablespoonful of butter and the same quantity of minced onion, fry well together till slightly coloured. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, cook till blended, and then add gradually one cupful of thick strained tomatoes (the tomatoes should be previously cooked and rubbed through a sieve), add salt and cayenne. Stir in the lobster cut up small, and cook in the sauce for ten minutes. Add two tablespoonsful of sherry and serve at once.

*Mayonnaise of Fowl or Game*

CUT up a cold fowl, pheasant or partridge into small joints, steep them in a basin with a little oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, drain in a cloth, and dish them on a bed of cut-up lettuce or endive, and mask them all over smoothly with mayonnaise sauce. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, olives, and beetroot cut in stars. Serve in a silver entrée dish

*Chestnut Salad*

PUT 1 lb. of chestnuts in the oven for ten minutes until the shell and underskin can be removed easily. Put into a saucepan and cover with stock or water. Add one onion, and boil until the nuts are tender. When cooked, drain and let them get cold. Cut one head of celery into small strips, slice the chestnuts, and mix together in a salad bowl. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over some mayonnaise with some finely-chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

*Chocolate Sponge*

PUT 2½ oz. of chocolate into a pan with one pint of milk, 1½ oz. of leaf gelatine, and enough sugar to sweeten. Stir until the last two ingredients are quite melted. Strain into a basin, and when nearly cold add the stiffly-whipped whites of two eggs and whisk as before. Pour into a mould, and leave till set.

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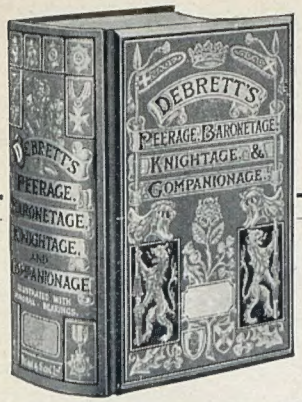


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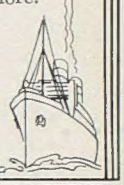

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